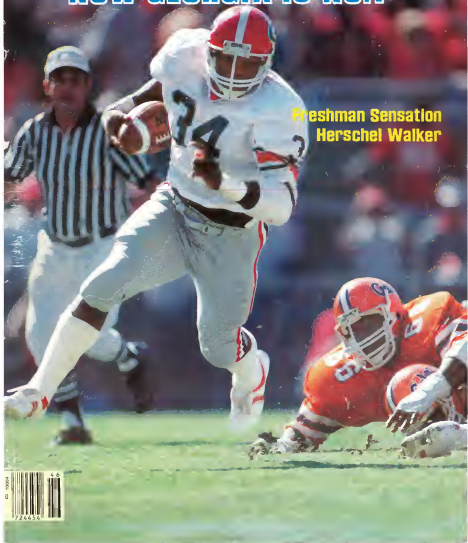


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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Terry Todd, whose story on Houston Oiler Guard Bob Young begins on page 48, says the 285-pound Young reminds him of Vasily Alexeyev, the renowned Soviet weightlifter. "They're similar in structure," Todd explains, "and they both have Donelap's Disease. As my grandfather used to say, 'That fella's belly done lapped over his belt.'"

Todd knows why Alexeyev has Donelap's. At the world weightlifting championships in Gettysburg, Pa. two years ago, Todd invited him to dinner. On their third trip to the smoggy-bored table, Alexeyev gestured toward their respective plates and announced "Competition!" The 370-pound Alexeyev and the 270-pound Todd matched each other, bite for bite, and then went for another helping, which involved a 24th piece of chicken for each. After which, Todd asked, "You want to go back again?" Alexeyev said, "Nyet."

The 42-year-old Todd, a national weight- and powerlifting champion during the '60s, hasn't competed since he became a college teacher in 1967. In the summer of 1979, after four years as an associate professor at Nova Scotia's Dalhousie University, Terry and his wife, Jan, the world's strongest woman (SI, Nov. 14, 1977), moved to Alabama, where Terry became director of Auburn University's new National Strength Research Center. He had long

dreamed of such a place, where, as he puts it, "scientists and academicians could share ideas and learn from top-level athletes, and where athletes could train in an atmosphere permeated by research." The center was Todd's idea, and he sold it to the university and its neighbor, Diversified Products, Inc., the world's largest manufacturer of weight-training equipment.

The staff, most of whom have Ph.D.s and muscles, includes, among others, Jan, who holds a master's in English literature and supervises weight training for Auburn's female varsity athletes. "But the center isn't just for the super athlete," Terry says. "We wanted to find out what weight training can do for the average middle-aged man, and our Scientific Research Director, Mike Stone, is about to come out with some startling findings that could have widespread social implications."

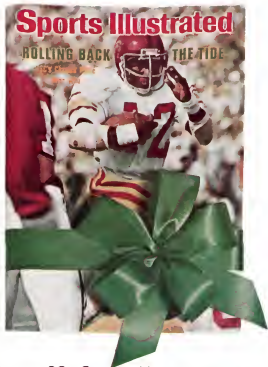
At the moment Terry is busy extolling Jan's latest triumph. For some time she has been getting letters from young women athletes asking for advice about anabolic steroids. She always responded, "I don't take them." But for every woman who wrote, Jan figured there were hundreds who didn't and who were ready to experiment with the drug. So last month, before competing in the Atlanta Women's Open Powerlifting Championships, she submitted to tests that would establish that she hadn't taken steroids and then went out and set five world records. "I did a 540 squat without them," she wrote in her column in *The Powerlifter*. "Other women have broken world records without them. Leave them alone."

Last week the Todds were in Texas, where Terry did the commentary for the CBS telecast of the World Powerlifting Championships, his fourth consecutive such appearance behind the mike. Terry is both knowledgeable and articulate about his sport, and he doesn't miss competing in it. Nonetheless, he still works out. It wouldn't do for a budding media star to come down with Donelap's Disease.



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Sports Illustrated Speakers Bureau

Footloose

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING AT NIGHT WAS
A FROLIC—UNTIL THE COYOTES ARRIVED



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It was a cold spell in early January, and my wife, Hilde, and I had decided to make use of the full moon to take a late-night cross-country ski tour. The drive up through the Cascade Mountains on well-cleared roads was easy, and half an hour after leaving home we were ready to ski.

The sport has many attractions, with quiet beauty perhaps the most obvious among them. A few hours in the winter woods is more potent medicine for psychic ills than anything a doctor could prescribe. Cross-country skiing is also reputed to be one of the most perfect forms of physical exercise ever devised. The legs are used without the pounding that goes with running, the arms and shoulders work hard, too, and each deep breath is of unpolluted air.

We had our skis ready in minutes. There are about half a dozen waxes that are useful to cross-country skiers, and they range in color and texture from a mess called *klutter* that may be red, purple or blue and squeezes out of a tube, to the hardest waxes, which are usually colored blue and green. The general rule is that harder wax is for colder snow. Of course, there are modern fibreglass skis that need no waxing. But our wooden models are old and well-cared for—almost antiques—and for me they are to cross-country skiing what split-cane fly rods are to fishing. When it comes to a sport that involves direct contact with nature, if there's a choice about equipment, I'll use wood instead of synthetic materials every time. And the relationship between skiing and fishing is real—it's pleasant to know that the snow you ski on in January will melt into the river you fish in June.

This was green-wax weather—the temperature well down into the teens—and even uphill there was plenty of glide through the powdery snow. From where we had parked it was 100 yards up a logging road to a narrow break in the fir trees. The road curves through the break, then starts a downhill run of about a mile. Logging has certainly done a great deal of harm to Western forests, and other than the obvious economic considerations, I know of only two certain benefits that have derived from the harvest of millions of trees. One is that populations of grouse thrive in areas where the Douglas firs have been clear-cut: the other is that logging roads make perfect cross-country ski trails.

I led the way on the downhill run, just to be sure that no trees or large limbs had fall-

en across the road since our last trip. The skiing was as good as I'd hoped for, even better. The bright, cold moon in the eastern sky gave plenty of light. Under the new layer of powder the frozen base was as hard as steel, which made for speed, and the three fresh inches on top made turning under control at least a possibility. Cross-country ski bindings clamp the toes of your boots down, but the heels are free, so turning is always something of a challenge when you're traveling at any kind of speed. But this night even I could manage. I'm not a good skier, don't even want to be, having never taken a lesson or read a book on the subject. If you ski a while you learn to get where you want to go, and that is sufficient for me. There's no one around to show off for. The form- and fashion-conscious downhill skiers are in another world, far away.

Cross-country skis through powder snow make a lovely, muted hissing sound. That was all I heard as I gradually picked up speed down the slope, the trees dark blurs on either side, the road itself perfectly smooth and glowing white and, at night, strangely without discussion in the moonlight. About halfway down, where the run is steepest, is a very sharp left-hand turn, but it's steeply banked. Crouching low, leaning left, I negotiated it. The rest of the way to the bottom was easy, and, out of the turn, I relaxed to glide the last half mile.

That was when the first coyote howled. Soon a second, then a third joined in. Then there were more. Perhaps it was the sound of skis through snow that made it happen, or it could have been the full moon.

When I reached the meadow at the bottom of the road, Hilde was close behind me. The coyotes sounded very near, and she was frightened. So was I, but I didn't want to admit it. I explained to her that they couldn't possibly be as near as they seemed and that three or four coyotes can easily sound like a dozen or more.

One would bark, then yip a few times in rapid succession, then start a long drawn-out howl that seemed to last at least 20 seconds, the note rising shrilly as the volume increased. The louder the howl became, the closer it seemed, and when the animals joined in chorus they sounded as near as 80 or 100 yards.

I let Hilde take the lead. We kept on skiing because the route was familiar to us, and the pack of coyotes followed along. We crossed the meadow to an old homestead cabin, its roof long ago caved in, snow in drifts against the weathered logs to window level, glowing smooth and almost blue in the moonlight. Beyond the cabin a narrow creek cuts across the meadow, and when we crossed the creek we heard the water flowing far down beneath the ice and snow. Just past the creek, where a gold mine is cut into a north-facing slope, we hit another logging road and followed it south, climbing again. continued

Walt Garrison answers your questions about smokeless tobacco.

Q: Walt, just what is Moist Smokeless Tobacco?

A: It's just what it says: Tobacco you enjoy without lighting up.

Q: How do you use it?

A: First, you don't chew it. Just take a small pinch between your thumb and forefinger, put it between your cheek and gum, and leave it there. The tobacco will slowly release its great flavor to give you real tobacco satisfaction.

Q: Is it hard to use?

A: Not really. When you first try it, the tobacco may move around in your mouth more than it should, and your mouth may water a bit more than you're used to, but getting the hang of "going smokeless" is all part of the fun. In a couple of weeks you'll be a "pro."

Q: Is there a difference between the three most popular brands?

A: Sure... **HAPPY DAYS** is a mild, satisfying blend of mint-flavored tobacco, while **SKOAL** is full-bodied with the added good taste of wintergreen. **COPENHAGEN** is a stronger, natural blend of choice tobaccos.



All three are packed in convenient cans and each is dated for freshness.

Q: Is the date on the can the expiration date?

A: No, it's the date of manufacture. It's our way of letting you know how fresh and moist our tobacco is.

Q: How much does "Going Smokeless" cost?

A: An average user "dips" about 1½ cans per week, and that's about a dollar's worth. Not bad, when you think how much everything else costs these days.

Q: Do a lot of people use smokeless tobacco?

A: A lot more than you think. Last year we sold over 325 million cans. And more and more people from every part of the country are "going smokeless" all the time. (Even loose-leaf chewers are mixing it in with their brands for extra flavor.)

Q: Where can I buy it?

A: Ask for it at your favorite tobacco counter, or mail the coupon below and you'll get a free can of **HAPPY DAYS** to try.

Thanks a lot, Walt...

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Sports Illustrated

IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

FOOTLOOSE *continued*

The coyotes stayed behind us, howling singly, then in chorus, seldom silent for more than a few seconds at a time. We looked back often enough, but of course we never saw one.

The road curves two miles up through Douglas fir to a bowl that offers ideal skiing over smooth low slopes of virgin powder. We were wearing only light shirts under nylon Windbreakers, and the temperature was at least 15° below freezing, but the hard uphill skiing had us sweating by the time we reached the bowl.

And at some point during the exertion of that climb we forgot to be frightened. Or perhaps it would be better to say that we remembered that we knew better. The coyote, whether alone or in company, often performs a nocturnal serenade consisting of barks, yaps and a wailing that escalates into a howl. To my knowledge, there are no recorded instances of coyotes attacking humans. I reminded Hide that the coyotes we often saw on our daytime hikes had shown us only cautious curiosity. They were every bit as shy as deer. So it wasn't really a threatening sound behind us. We had always loved coyotes, and we listened to them now for half an hour as we skied the bowl, traversing the slopes, cutting zig-zag patterns from top to bottom at moderate speed.

Then we split a candy bar and started the three-mile trip back. Soon we realized that the pack had either waited in the woods for us to pass, or had made a loop to get behind us again.

We skied hard to the car to stay warm, and the coyotes were with us all the way. It wasn't until the skis were lashed to the roof rack that they finally fell silent. We drank some hot coffee from a thermos, with a little bourbon in it, then ate dried fruit from a plastic bag. Even though the temperature had dropped another 5°, we were reluctant to leave. Shivering, we stood beside the car for a minute or two. Far off a lone coyote howled, and another answered. No sound on earth could be wilder, freer, lovelier than what we heard that January night. Now, whenever conditions are right for it—full moon, clear sky and new powder snow—we ski at night, and we have heard coyotes often, though never so near.

Although Hide and I are the legal owners of no land other than the lot our house sits on, we have already skied with a sense of ownership as strong as if the mountains had been deeded to us. On daytime trips, once we are well off the road, we feel that the places we ski are ours. Of course, this sense of ownership is an illusion. Coyotes really own the mountains—they have been in North America for a million years and likely will remain after we have gone—and on moonlit winter nights when they howl, the fact that we are only guests seems very clear, and quite appropriate.

END

Alec Guinness Ricky Schroder in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"



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AND SERVICE**

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AND DIRECT POWER**

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FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE AND PRECISE CONTROL

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

A CALM, OBJECTIVE VOICE SPEAKS OUT ON THE VOLATILE SUBJECT OF HUNTING

John G. Mitchell's *The Hunt* (Knopf, \$11.95) is a thorough, sensible and dispassionate discussion of a subject—hunting—that tends to leave a great many people foaming at the mouth. Its author is a specialist on environmental questions, but readers looking for a knee-jerk condemnation of hunting are going to be disappointed; Mitchell understands that his subject is far too complex to yield easy judgments.

Mitchell's exploration of hunting took him to Michigan, Texas, Montana, Alaska—even to Cincinnati, where in a boy he hunted rabbits and squirrels. He walked with hunters as they pursued their game and talked with them as they sipped whiskey by the evening campfire. He visited state and federal wildlife officials, environmentalists, anti-hunting zealots. The result of all these labors is a many-layered (and handsomely written) book that imparts an impressive body of information while at the same time sensitively conveying the spirit of the hunt.

The statistics Mitchell has assembled make it clear that hunting is not an enterprise engaged in by a small minority of bloodthirsty Americans. This year, approximately as many Americans will hunt as attend American League baseball games. From a survey conducted twice a decade by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Mitchell produces the following report:

"Last time around, the Service discovered that there were 20.6 million hunters; that the ratio of hunters, by sex, to total population was 21 out of 100 men and 2 out of 100 women; that the hunters' average household income was \$14,700; that 56 percent reside in urban areas; that deer hunting accounted for the greatest number of days of participation in a single year (103 million), followed by rabbit hunting (88 million days), squirrel hunting (69 million days), and quail hunting (47 million days); and that hunters in the years of the survey and in the course of hunting spent \$1.2 billion on food and drink, \$1.8 billion on equipment, and \$2.1 billion on transportation. The survey, in fact, reveals everything you ever wanted to know about hunting but for the one thing you may be afraid to ask: 'Why in this day and age do 20.6 million Americans still want to hunt?'"

A good question, and one not easily answered. From sociologists Mitchell learned that investigations have located three broad categories of hunters: those motivated by the

desire "for meat, for sport, or for immersion in nature." The first category Mitchell largely discounts, because in today's society few Americans need to hunt in order to put meat on the table, but he does examine subsistence hunting among the Eskimos of Alaska and the efforts being made by the government to ensure their native rights without endangering the wildlife.

Hunting for sport is a difficult matter because it leads one into value judgments. At the risk of oversimplifying a complex argument, Mitchell has concluded that hunting for sport is a legitimate and desirable activity when it occurs under certain conditions. Among these is that the contest between hunter and hunted be a reasonably fair one. Mitchell is contemptuous of those who seek "guaranteed kills" on the hunting ranches of Texas. What matters most to him, though, is that there be an affinity between the hunter and the land in which he hunts. In Montana he reflects:

"I suspect country gets under the skin of most hunters, whatever the quarry or the angle of the slope. But I suspect, too, that mountains somehow hone the appreciation a little sharper. In however large or small a hunter's measure of caring for country may be, there one can probably size up the worth of the hunter himself, and know why it is he hunts, and possibly begin to understand what he is seeking beyond the measured horn or the tender flesh."

To Mitchell the act of hunting is crucial, not the act of killing. He quotes, with approval, Ortega y Gasset: "To the sportsman, the death of the game is not what interests him; that is not his purpose. What interests him is everything he had to do to achieve that death—that is, the hunt. . . . To sum up, one does not hunt in order to kill; on the contrary, one kills in order to have hunted."

Obviously, there are those of sincere and deeply held views who simply cannot accept that argument. Mitchell himself, while hunting for the first time in many years, could not pull the trigger at the moment of decision. Yet the essential point he makes seems to me that I have never hunted accurately: that hunting is not inherently "evil"; that its roots are deep in our history and culture; that most of those who engage in it do so out of honorable motives.

Along the way to that conclusion Mitchell introduces us to a number of engaging characters and several beautiful places. He explores the history of hunting in America with care, and he raises ethical and philosophical issues with admirable objectivity. He also makes the useful point that the debates over hunting and gun control are entirely separate matters and that confusing them only muddies the waters.

There are no muddy waters in *The Hunt*. The book is clear, fair and persuasive. Mitchell asks only that the reader bring to his subject what he did: an open mind. **END**

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Sideline

by RICK TELANDER

IN THE SLICK WORLD OF SUPERCLUBS, A + B EQUALS SPORT, FITNESS, GLEE

An idea that has struck a number of modern entrepreneurs is this: if people like A and people like B, then people will love A and B together. Any enterprise that combines pleasures, like roller skating and disco dancing (roller disco), or basic functions, like banking and bill-paying (full-service banks), seems worth financing these days.

Take Chicago's Lakeshore Centre, at 1320 West Fullerton Ave., one of the first and certainly the most diversified of the "superclubs" sprouting across America. In the breathless hype of Lakeshore Centre's P.R. people, superclubs are defined as "lavish, sprawling temples of sport. . . ." In simpler terms, YMCAs with amenities—A + B. Or, in Lakeshore's case, A + B + C. It also has a disco.

The superclub idea isn't new: a number of older urban athletic clubs offer multifloor ar-

rays of courts, dining areas, locker rooms. But those places are generally conservative if not tacky in appearance, their ambience defined by hissing pipes, dim bulbs and the pungent odor of ripe socks.

At Lakeshore Centre, however, it is held to be self-evident that sport and fitness should be part of every sensible young person's life, pursued in fashionable surroundings.

It took a roof's caving in, literally, for Lakeshore Centre to come about. During the blizzard of 1979 tons of snow piled up on the roof of what was then the Lakeshore Racquet Club, and it collapsed on the center tennis courts. No one was killed, but 29-year-old Jeffrey Kaiser, one of the partners, was devastated. "We didn't know what to do," he says, speaking for the other two partners. "Rebuilding the same racquet club didn't make sense. Then we noticed how many joggers there were in the area. And we thought perhaps we could combine tennis and jogging. One sport just led to another." So they hired Richard Himmel, a noted Chicago designer, to remodel the four-story, 200,000-square-foot former warehouse. Himmel turned it into a high-tech showcase, with 10 indoor tennis courts, seven outdoor courts, eight racquetball courts, a quarter-mile track (with pacing lights), a Na-

tibus room, an indoor pool, a squash court, saunas, steam rooms, meeting rooms, a coed whirlpool and an electronic "mogul" ski slope—all in operation 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.

In the center of the building, overlooking the courts, are the restaurant and bar where athletes can quaff Perrier or martini, forge relationships and undo whole training programs. The disco is upstairs.

"We wanted a social environment where people who are interested in being physically fit can meet and mix with others who share that interest," says Kaiser. "I don't think there's anything wrong with that. Even Bill Rodgers loves a beer after running."

Most of the members of Lakeshore Centre are in the 25-to-35 range, upwardly mobile and apparently single. Yearly dues are \$175, and there are more than 10,000 members, at least half of them women.

Obviously, the superclub concept is working. Lakeshore members fill the facility around the clock. Says Preeti Nelson, a bar manager, during a late-night visit, "With all the stuff they offer, if you have a place to sleep, you'd never have to leave."

When it comes to superclubs, of course, that's the point. **END**

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

MAKING SENSE OF THE MANDATE

It would be a mistake to interpret Ronald Reagan's formidable election victory as a mandate to emasculate the nation's hard-earned environmental laws. Granted, Reagan referred wittingly during his campaign to "environmental extremists" and he repeatedly promised to increase productivity by relaxing environmental restraints. Granted, too, most leading environmentalists endorsed President Carter for reelection, plainly finding the prospect of a Reagan victory difficult to swallow.

But exactly what does that victory, now that it's been achieved, bode for the environment? If you believe the President-elect's rhetoric, nothing but trouble. During his campaign Reagan was quick to reckon the admittedly considerable costs of protecting the environment but was lamentably slow to calculate the potentially greater costs of unrestrained production. And he revealed himself to be abysmally ignorant in trying to defend an earlier assertion that trees cause more pollution than do cars and factories and in declaring that air pollution, in any event, was "substantially controlled," a statement he had the ill grace to make during a smog alert in his home city of Los Angeles.

Behind the rhetoric, however, lies a somewhat different reality. No doubt most Americans would welcome anything Reagan might do to make environmental regulations more flexible where appropriate and to eliminate those that may, indeed, be unnecessary. But it should be noted that Reagan was elected partly because of his success in evoking the vision of a simpler, more pristine America, a vision that to many people means an America of cleaner air and cleaner water. And Reagan apparently also succeeded in persuading the electorate that his bark on the environment, as on other issues, is worse than his bite. Thus, when he wasn't blaming trees for pollution—apparently confusing nitrous oxide, which is indeed produced by trees

and is harmless to humans, with nitrogen dioxide, a toxic substance that comes from man-made sources—he was calling himself an environmentalist and taking pains to point out that, during his eight years as governor of California, the state adopted the nation's strictest pollution controls. In fact, while a Democratic-controlled state legislature took the initiative in passing most of those measures, Reagan seldom raised objections.

Significantly, sweeping Reagan into the White House wasn't the only thing the voters did on Election Day. They also approved some 80% of all bond issues on ballots across the country, most of which were to pay for new water-pollution control systems, waste-disposal plants and other environmental projects. This continued willingness to spend for environmental purposes suggests that Reagan's mandate doesn't include riding roughshod on the environment at all. Accordingly, Russell Peterson, a former Republican governor of Delaware and now president of the National Audubon Society, says, "The people won't tolerate turning the clock back on things so essential to the quality of their health as environmental issues. If it tries to turn the clock back on the environment, the new Administration will be in deep trouble with the people."

THE PHILADELPHIA FOUR

As of Sunday night, Philadelphia's four major league teams had gone unbeaten, collectively, in 26 straight games. The last Philadelphia defeats were the Phillies' 5-3 loss to the Royals in the fourth game of the World Series on Oct. 18 and a 6-2 Flyer loss to Toronto that night. The Phillies then won Games 5 and 6—and the World Series. The brawling Flyers (page 34) proceeded to go unbeaten through 11 games (9-0-2) to give them the best record in the NHL. The Eagles meanwhile won their next four games, giving them the best record in the NFL. The '76ers won their next nine games, leaving them atop the NBA's Atlantic Di-

vision. Although Philadelphia fans figure to taste defeat sooner or later, it may be a while before any of the other cities with teams in every major sport—New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles—produces a streak that can match the remarkable one achieved by the Philadelphia Four.

GREAT CHEFS OF THE NFL

So you're bawling the neighborhood offensive line over and don't know what to serve? Don't panic, just reach for *Souper Bowl of Recipes* (Northwoods Press, Stafford, Va.), a compendium of the culinary favorites of 406 present and former NFLers compiled by two coaches' wives, Betty Armsperger and Dorothy



Shula, and two of their friends, Nan Perry and Nancy Siebert. Follow the directions and you can blitz your guests with Steve Grogan's very own recipe for frozen fruit slush, Fred Biletnikoff's version of bouillabaisse or Mike McCormack's "family fondue," which the Colts' coach says is "great after the game."

The cookbook reveals the NFL's closet gourmets to be a diverse bunch. Included are such ethnic delights as golumki, a Polish stuffed cabbage dish from the kitchen of Dallas Assistant Coach Mike Ditka, and kibbi nayya, a Middle Eastern lamb concoction served up by Tampa Bay Defensive Coach Abe Gibron, not to mention "my mother's Croatian apple strudel" courtesy of San Diego Linebacker Jim Laskovic. Though some of the offerings are fairly sophisticated—for ex-

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ample, Jim Klick's chicken cordon bleu—others are more along the lines of Matt Robinson's strawberry sauce for pancakes, which consists of mixing a package of frozen strawberries with one-half cup of currant jelly over low heat for 10 minutes. As one might expect, much of the fare favored by the football folk is hearty. Thus, the book includes nine recipes for stew, seven for chili and five for lasagna. And that's not counting Miami Assistant Coach Tom Keane's recipe for elephant stew, which the authors couldn't resist including:

1 medium-size elephant

2 rabbits (optional)

salt and pepper

Cut elephant in bite-size pieces. Add enough brown gravy to cover. Cook over kerosene fire about four weeks at 450°. Serves 3,800 people. If more people are expected, add two rabbits. Do this only in emergency as most people don't like hare in their stew.

IN THE ROUGH

Something good was bound to come out of the troubled economy if it hung around long enough. And so it has: last week CBS announced that, starting in 1982, it was slashing its golf coverage from 20 tournaments a year to 14. Lopped from the network's lineup were such celebrity-promoted events as the Andy Williams-San Diego Classic, the Jackie Gleason Inverrary and the Sammy Davis-Hartford Open. NBC had already dropped, for 1981, the Joe Garagiola-Tucson Open and the Byron Nelson Classic, and although that network may yet add a couple of tournaments, the net effect will be less golf on the tube.

It was clearly time to do something about the glut of televised golf, which has resulted in a decline in the sport's ratings of almost 30% since 1975. Though its appeal to affluent viewers makes golf what Madison Avenue calls a "prestige buy," prestige is generally one of the first casualties of a lagging economy. As Chip Campbell, the PGA Tour's director of communications, puts it, "Golf has a narrow base. Fifteen million people play it in this country, and that's who watches it. No sport can survive appealing only to participants."

Steps are being taken to broaden this base. Concerned that the sport appeals mostly to an older crowd, the PGA Tour is encouraging sponsors to offer young people low-priced tickets to tournaments,

and last month it helped set up a course for kids at Disney World in Florida. This six-hole "Wee Links" course, which features greens made of inexpensive-to-maintain artificial turf, is a prototype for what the PGA Tour hopes will be hundreds of others like it. Another development is the opening of the new Tournament Players Championship course in Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla., which was designed with high vantage points so that lots of spectators—as many as 40,000 on the last hole—can see lots of action. PGA Tour Commissioner Deane Beman describes the course as the first in a new generation of "golf stadiums" aimed at building a mass audience.

The cutback in TV coverage could, paradoxically, help swell the audience, too. As SI golf writer Dan Jenkins observes, "The fewer tournaments that are televised, the more likely it is a tournament that does get on the air will seem important, dramatic, even entertaining. The trouble until now has been that golf's TV audience increased dramatically only when everyone was snowed in during the winter or when a headline in the sports section of the Sunday newspaper said: WATSON AND NICKLAUS TIED GOING INTO FINAL ROUND TODAY: FISTFIGHT EXPECTED. There will still be plenty of golf on TV, and the tiny white Tide list will still be hard to see in flight, and the networks will still be accused of boring viewers when Watson or Nicklaus or Trevino isn't winning a tournament. But at least this is a beginning."

EXPLANATIONS SIMPLE & COMPLEX

The 1980 Winter Olympics weren't supposed to run a deficit, or so Lake Placid officials solemnly promised. Just how wrong those officials were became known last month with completion of a financial review undertaken in connection with the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee's request to U.S. and state officials for a bailout to save it from possible bankruptcy. Although federal and state governments provided \$112 million of the \$172 million it cost to stage the Winter Games, the LPOOC wound up losing \$4.4 million. LPOOC officials blame the red ink on many factors, including unfavorable publicity caused by the boycott of the Summer Olympics, but somehow we prefer the explanation of the LPOOC's deputy director of marketing, Doug Brown, who ascribes the deficit to "a shortfall in projected rev-

enues and an increase in expenditures." In other words, the LPOOC took in less money and spent more than it expected.

The folks who brought us the 1976 Summer Games, which had a deficit of \$1 billion, are also being called upon for explanations. Last June, after a 30-month-long investigation, a three-member commission headed by Quebec Superior Court Justice Albert Malouf, blamed those staggering losses largely on Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau, who had said, memorably, that the '76 Games "can no more have a deficit than a man can have a baby." Drapeau said he would rebut the Malouf report with a detailed written statement, complete with "quotations, illustrations and charts," a statement that has yet to see the light of day. It should be quite a tome when—or if—it finally appears. Last week, in response to the latest of many inquiries by Montreal reporters, an aide said that Drapeau was still working on it.

FASHION NOTE

The following inscription graces the back of a T shirt that's been a hot item in Los Angeles:

--PAC-8--

--PAC-10--

PAC 5

That, of course, reflects the conference's expansion in 1978 as well as the suspension, for a variety of academic transgressions involving athletics, of five member schools from its 1980 football race. The front of the T shirt bears a reference to the big Nov. 22 showdown between two of the banned teams: 1980 PROMOTION BOWL, USC VS. UCLA.

THEY SAID IT

- Gerry Cheevers, goaltender-turned-coach of the Boston Bruins, who are off to a 3-9-1 start: "Hockey was my life. This could be death after life."
- Ron Jaworski, Philadelphia Eagle quarterback: "Some people think I'm cocky. I'm not that at all. I just feel if they ask me to throw 100 passes, I can complete 100."
- Jack Lorri, sports director at radio station WTRC in Elkhart, Ind., on how he knew Notre Dame was having difficulty selecting a new football coach: "When I looked up at the Golden Dome, the two puffs of smoke coming out of the top were black."

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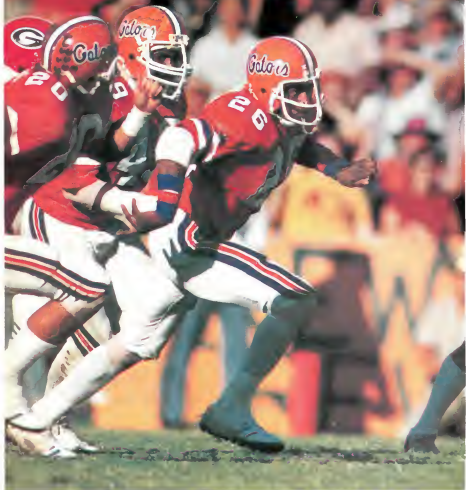
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Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 17, 1980

HOW 'BOUT



THEM DAWGS?

*Losing to Florida, Georgia came back to win a 93-yard, six-
pass play to Lindsey Scott (below) to move to the top of the polls*

BY JOE MARSHALL





On third-and-11 with 1:32 left and Georgia trailing, Belue scrambled, then threw.



His target, Scott, caught the ball amid several defenders at the 26.

THEN DAWGS continued

In Jacksonville's Gator Bowl last Saturday, Georgia was leading Florida 20-18 early in the fourth quarter when the P.A. announcer added a new element of drama to the already exciting game. "Here's a halftime score," he said. "Georgia Tech 3, Notre Dame ..." And there he paused, playing the moment for all it was worth while the crowd of 68,528 held its breath in anticipation. The Bulldogs had come to Jacksonville ranked second in the nation behind the Fighting Irish, and a win for Georgia, coupled with a Notre Dame tie or loss, would give it the No. 1 spot in the polls. At last the P.A. man finished his pronouncement with an emphatically delivered, "Nothing," and the Georgia fans erupted in a cheer.

The red carpet to the No. 1 ranking was rolling out in front of the Bulldogs. But like so many teams before them in this crazy season, they suddenly began to trip over it. Before many more moments had passed, Georgia's dreams of a national championship were shaken, for Florida took the lead 21-20 and control of the game. The Bulldogs, however, re-

covered their footing. Miraculously. With just over a minute left in the game, on a broken-play pass to the most unlikely of heroes, Georgia got a 93-yard touchdown to win 26-21. And before the Bulldogs had stopped celebrating came word from Atlanta that Tech had tied Notre Dame 3-3. That left Georgia the one undefeated, untied major college team in the nation. And as that popular bit of Georgia slang goes, "How 'bout them Dawgs?"

The winning score came just when Florida seemed to have a lock on the game. With 1:35 left to play, Gator Mark Dickert made a beautiful coffin-corner punt that went over the left sideline at the Georgia eight-yard line. On first down Bulldog Quarterback Buck Belue was chased out of bounds for a yard loss, and on second down, harassed again, he threw a short, incomplete pass to Split End Charles Junior. Belue had now thrown 15 times in the game, completed just six and had two intercepted, so when he began to be chased out of the pocket on third down, too, there was little reason for Georgia fans to think a miracle was about to happen.

The play was "Right 66." It calls for

one wide receiver, Chuck Jones, to run a deep post pattern while a second, Lindsay Scott, goes downfield about 20 yards and then curls back underneath the deep zone coverage. Predictably, at this stage of the game, Jones was well covered deep, and as Belue rolled to his right, he started looking for Scott. Scott, a junior, is a 6' 1", 190-pound speedster who anchors the school's 440-yard relay team. In each of his first two seasons he had been Georgia's leading receiver and a model team member, but more recently a series of problems had made it unlikely he would even be in a Bulldog uniform for this year's Florida game.

Scott's troubles began last spring when he invited his girl friend to the athletic dormitory at the wrong hour. They had been having an argument, and Scott was upset. When the team's academic counselor, Curt Fludd, told him he had to get his girl out of the dorm, Scott started a shouting match with him. Georgia Coach Vince Dooley responded by taking away Scott's scholarship for the fall semester, meaning that Scott had to choose between redshirting the season or, if he wanted to play, paying his own way. Scott chose to play his own way.



After a defender slipped, Scott bolted the rest of the way untouched for the score

His woes increased during the summer when he fell asleep at the wheel of his car, rolled it over and suffered a bad concussion that almost sidelined him for the season. He came on to make the starting lineup, but sometimes his concentration wandered, and he now admits, "Losing that scholarship was the hardest thing I've ever had to deal with." When he was late to a team meeting a month ago, Dooley demoted him to second string for two weeks. "I began to think I just wasn't Coach Dooley's kind of guy," says Scott, and Dooley admits he was reluctantly beginning to think the same thing.

But it was Scott now that Belue had to find if he wanted a first down. Rolling right, Belue spotted him waving his arms directly behind a Gator linebacker. Belue calmly motioned him left, then drilled a pass that Scott caught at his own 26-yard line while facing the line of scrimmage. Behind him, Free Safety Tim Groves slipped, so that when Scott spun around he had room to maneuver. He headed toward the left sideline, splitting

continued



Seconds after Scott had reached the end zone, a horde of teammates and fans swarmed him under.

defenders cutting in from either side, then outran everybody to the end zone. When the Bulldogs' Mike Fisher intercepted a pass by Florida's Wayne Pearce (pronounced peas) on the next play from scrimmage, Georgia fans started chanting "We're No. 1!"

A quick review of Georgia's road to the top shows just how fast and furiously the mighty have fallen this season. The Bulldogs were ranked No. 12 nine weeks ago after they opened their season by beating Tennessee 16-15. By the start of October, however, they were up to No. 8 because Penn State, Arkansas, Houston, Purdue and Michigan, to name a few, had already lost at least one game. On the first weekend of October, Ohio State lost to UCLA and Nebraska to Florida State, and before the month was out USC had been tied by Oregon and Texas had lost to SMU. On the first day of November, Alabama fell to Mississippi

State and UCLA was beaten by Arizona. That left only Notre Dame.

Despite recent history the Bulldogs should have an easy time getting through the rest of the regular season undefeated because their two opponents, Auburn and Georgia Tech, have 11 losses between them. If they accomplish that, the Bulldogs could gain their first national championship with a win in the Sugar Bowl.

For a while last Saturday it looked as if Georgia would win the easy way, which for the 1980 Bulldogs means Herschel Walker right. Herschel Walker left and Herschel Walker up the middle. The 6' 2", 220-pound freshman had another banner day, rushing for 238 yards on 37 carries. Nor did he waste time getting untracked. On the fourth play from scrimmage he took a pitchout to the right, splintered two arm tackles and raced 72 yards for the game's first score. "He caught

to be playing with the pros," grumbled one Florida partisan.

Before the first quarter was over, Walker had reached the 100-yard mark for the sixth time this season. Before the day was over, he had broken Willie McClendon's 1978 school record of 1,312 yards in a season. And if Walker can average 127 yards in his last two games he will also break Tony Dorsett's NCAA freshman record of 1,586.

But Walker isn't a one-man offense, nor the only reason why the Bulldogs, a disappointing 6-5 team in 1979, are suddenly leading the nation. Georgia is, for the most part, a veteran team. Twelve of last Saturday's starters are seniors, seven of them on defense. And Belue, a junior, is a much more effective quarterback now that he is out from under the shadow of graduated Jeff Pynn, with whom he split time last year. There could be no doubt about that after Georgia's second

Young, Florida's outstanding flanker, beat the Bulldog defensive secondary all afternoon with his fingertip receptions and his G.I.-style broken-field running



scoring drive, an 11-play, 77-yard march that made the score 14-3 early in the second quarter. The big play in the drive was a 24-yard completion to Scott, and the touchdown came on a 13-yard pass from Belue to Fullback Ronnie Stewart. The Gators' only score at that point was the result of a knuckleballing 40-yard field goal by Florida's Brian Clark.

The Gators had come to Jacksonville with a 6-1 record, in sharp contrast to last year's 0-10-1 team. That was Charley Pell's first year as Florida's coach. Now he is performing the same sort of magic he did at Clemson, where in two years he turned a 3-6-2 team into a 10-1 squad ranked sixth in the nation.

Pell has had two excellent recruiting years with Florida, which was evident from his starting lineup Saturday. It included 12 sophomores and a freshman. The freshman is the quarterback, Peace. Pell also recruited a new offensive co-

ordinator, 28-year-old Mike Shanahan, who has installed a wide-open offense that he calls "run and shoot." Most of the time Saturday the Gators lined up with four wide receivers and just one running back, and Peace ended up completing 20 of 37 passes for 286 yards and one touchdown.

That score came midway through the second quarter and narrowed Georgia's lead to 14-10. Florida had gotten the ball at the Georgia 46-yard line on an almost unheard-of occurrence, a Walker fumble. It was the first fumble Walker had lost all season, and the Gators made quick work of converting it into a touchdown. It took just five plays. The drive opened with a 12-yard reverse to Senior Flanker Cns Collinsworth and ended with back-to-back passes to Collinsworth, a 13-yarder to the left sideline and a nine-yard lob to the right corner of the end zone.

Walker went back to work tearing through Florida at the beginning of the third quarter. On Georgia's first two possessions the Bulldogs marched inside the Gator 10, but they could not put the game away with touchdowns and had to settle for chip-shot field goals by Rex Robinson. Those drives covered 51 and 44 yards, and Walker's running accounted for 43 and 29, respectively.

But then, with the score 20-10 the Georgia offense suddenly froze, and Peace started making things happen in the run and shoot. On a five-play drive from the end of the third quarter into the fourth, the Gators moved 81 yards to their second touchdown of the day. The big play was a 54-yard pass and run from Peace to sophomore Flanker Tyrone Young. On that play Young broke three tackles. On the next play Fullback James Jones broke another while bursting 11 yards up the middle for the touchdown. Peace then threw to Young for a two-point conversion to make the score 20-18.

Young was a quarterback last year, starting two games for Florida, and he also started for the Gators' basketball team. He was suspended for four games earlier this year for a curfew violation. On Saturday he made his first pass reception ever as a collegian, and he finished with 10 of them for a whopping 183 yards.

Young caught a 19-yarder for the big gain on Florida's next possession, but this time, after marching 52 yards, the Gator



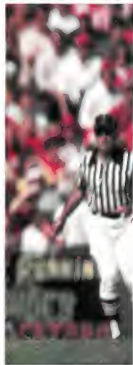
Although only a freshman, Peace was a good Q

drive stalled at Georgia's 24. On came Clark for his second 40-yard field goal of the day. This one was a nice end-over-end affair and gave Florida its first lead, 21-20, with 6:52 to play. There it looked as if the score would stay, the Florida defense holding fast until Scott got himself out of the Dawg-house with his last-gasp heroics.

In the locker room afterward, Scott, not unexpectedly, called his touchdown the biggest play of his career and expressed the hope that it would help redeem him in his coach's eyes. "I have no more room to make any mistakes," he said. "I've really had to walk the chalk line."

Across the room Dooley was offering the sentiments Scott wanted to hear. "I'm really pleased for Lindsay because of all the things that have happened to him," he said. "I'm probably the worst thing that's happened to him. I've been very hard on him. That last pass today was just supposed to be a first-down play but Lindsay turned it into a game-winner for us. So I'm not going to sit here and act like the great coach." Then Dooley paused and decided to offer one pearl of coaching wisdom anyhow. "But if you're going to be undefeated," he said, "you've got to win some this way, too."

END



THE TEAM THAT PEOPLE JUST LOVE TO HATE

The Flyers' brawling style—an old story in Philadelphia—is again arousing outrage. That the team wins compounds its victims' frustrations **by LARRY BROOKS**

It's noon of game day at the Spectrum, and hoo boy, is Keith Allen ever upset. Here his Philadelphia Flyers are off to the best start in the NHL, and what does the man across his desk want to discuss? The wondrous goaltending of Pete Pleters? The shrewd drafting of General Manager Allen and his staff? The effect of a Reagan Presidency on the Flyers' power play? No, the visitor wants to talk about the spearing, slashing, high-sticking and fighting incidents that follow the Flyers across the length and breadth of the NHL schedule like a very bad cold. He wants to talk about Paul Holmgren, Behn Wilson and Mel Bridgman—three of the most notorious hitmen and intimidators in hockey, players who have restored the name "Bulldogs" to the team from Broad Street. He wants to talk about the Flyers' style—the premeditated mayhem that distinguishes their approach from that of the other 20 teams in the league. He wants to talk about violence, Philadelphia style.

"I don't want to get up on a soap box," Allen says, "but there's more violence in one football game than there is in an entire hockey season, and nobody ever talks about that. It's always hockey." He pauses briefly. "And in hockey the Flyers are always the whipping boys. We're the ones that always get it. I just wish someone would tell me why."

Got a few hours? Check out pages 120 to 123 of this year's NHL Guide, in which the league lists nine categories of penalty records, and guess what? The Flyers have a piece of them all, including most penalty minutes for a season, game and period. Beyond that, the Flyers have led the NHL in penalty minutes nine straight seasons. Through 16 games this season, Philadelphia led the NHL in penalty minutes with 509, an average of 31.2 minutes per game, as well as in five-minute majors with 22. So it's there in black and white and red, as in blood, all over.

Last Thursday night the Flyers and

the Los Angeles Kings engaged in one of the timest matches of the NHL season, the teams were assessed just seven minor penalties by referee Wally Harris, the Kings receiving four en route to an 8-2 defeat. Still, there was the inevitable incident. Late in the first period, L.A.'s Billy Harris was standing by the boards, without the puck, out of the play. In other words, he was an inviting target. Bridgman, the Flyers' captain and a renowned cheap-shot artist, skated by, did a two-hand stick press to Harris' face and cut him above the lip. The referee never saw it.

"I admire the Flyers for the way they work hard," says New York Ranger Ulf Nilsson, "but they have three or four players who wouldn't worry about hurting somebody, and that's really scary."

"If you were to take a poll of the players as to which team starts the most brawls, uses their sticks the most and still gets away with the most, the Flyers would win in a landslide," says New York Islander Goaltender Glenn (Chico) Resch. "There wouldn't be another team that had any electoral votes." Seymour Knox, the chairman of the board of the Buffalo Sabres, says, "It seems to me only one team is involved [in violence and brawling]—Philadelphia."

For the most part, Resch's constituents are a silent majority. They all complain privately, but very few hockey people are willing to go on record with their criticism of the Flyers. Why? "The Flyers are sort of like organized crime," Resch says. "It's as if they've got informers all around the league, and will have someone waiting for the next time."

The NHL worries that player-filled penalty boxes is bad for the game, and it is precisely this fear that allows the Flyers to play their intimidating stick games. The Flyers operate under the sound the-

ory that there's no way the referee is going to call everything—or see everything—so pretty much anything goes.

"A guy doesn't mind taking a nasty shot as long as a penalty is called," says Resch, "but when calls aren't made, players begin to wonder if it's worth it. The Flyers' whole strategy is based on the fact that everything won't be called, and that all of their intimidation is going to leave an effect. It's such a part of their system, it's a natural thing."

Who's responsible for this Philadelphia system? Owner Ed Snider? Allen? Coach Pat Quinn? The referees?

"Their whole attitude that you can do anything to win a game comes mainly from Bobby Clarke," says Resch. Clarke, who now doubles as a center and an assistant coach, may have the reputation of a saint and the face of an angel, but he is a devilish player, pitchfork and all. "Team Canada is playing the Soviet Union in 1972," Resch says, "and they're losing, so Clarke takes a whack at Valery Kharlamov, the best Soviet player, and ruins his ankle. Afterward Clarke says, 'I realized



Knock em down, beat 'em up, big-team hockey is the rule, not the exception, in Flyer games

I had to do anything to win.' Well, when your leader feels like that and has gotten so much positive publicity, as Clarke has over the years, it's got to filter down."

Clarke, who is 31 and in his 12th NHL season, claims he has mellowed. "Look at my face," he says, "I get cut more than anybody, but that's fine, I guess." Clarke's face is, in fact, beginning to resemble Gerry Cheevers' famous goalie mask. The crowfeet around his eyes aren't a result of aging. "Nobody bitches if I get stuck in the eye. Look, I'm certainly not an innocent bystander, I get involved. But I consciously try to keep my stick on the ice, under control. Nobody likes to hear that people think he'd deliberately try and hurt another player. I have a wife and four kids and I don't want them reading things like that."

Clarke has had a couple of high-stick incidents this season. He took a five-minute major on Oct. 18 in Toronto when he caught the Maple Leafs' Pat Hickey under the eye, and he got another one on Oct. 30 at the Spectrum when he hooked Ranger rookie Mike

Allison around the throat and yanked him to the ice. Imagine if Clarke had not been making an effort to keep his stick on the ice.

Allen can tick off a defense of his players better than Perry Mason. They're never guilty. Take the case of Holmgren, Minnesota born and bred, a very good hockey player when he sticks to playing hockey, which isn't often enough; he scored 30 goals last season but was the NHL's third most-penalized player with 267 minutes (3.6 per game) and is No. 1 this season with 99 minutes (7.0 per game). He uses his body. "North American fans want to see more physical-type games," he says. Unfortunately, he sometimes uses his stick and his skates for purposes other than those for which they were intended.

Holmgren was suspended for three games in 1977 for a Spectrum exhibition-game incident in which he and Boston's Wayne Cashman went after each other in the corridor between the teams' dressing rooms. He was suspended for three games in November of 1978 for attempt-



Holmgren feels right at home in the penalty box

ing to kick Boston's Terry O'Reilly while being restrained by a linesman following an altercation. A month later he was suspended for six games when he hit the Rangers' Carol Vadnais over the head with his stick. This year Holmgren picked up three game misconducts in the Flyers' first 11 matches and has served a one-game suspension.

"Paul didn't deserve any of those misconducts," says Allen.

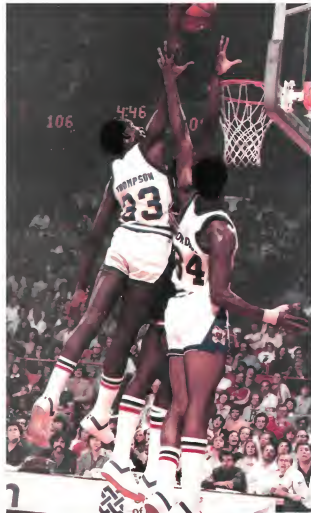
While the Flyers believe the referees call too many penalties, their opponents wonder what the referees are watching. In Quebec two weeks ago the Flyers fell behind the Nordiques by two goals, but gained a tie after Bridgman spent some time whacking at the Nordiques' Peter Stastny, who then became invisible as Philly rallied. "That's the way the Flyers play, but I don't call it violence," said Quebec Coach Michel Bergeron. "To me, it is just excessive roughness, which the referee has to call without hesitation."

The Philadelphia story? "If the referee is going to call everything," Clarke says, "then you're going to have teams short-handed all night. Is that what the fans want to see?"

Allen doesn't think so. "We put more fannies in the seats than any team in the league," he says. "Not even the Montreal Canadiens outdraw us. So we must be doing something right."

END





Thompson scored 30 against New York, but offensive interference disallowed this spectacular basket.

FLYING HIGH ONCE MORE

After a nightmarish season of personal and physical reverses, David Thompson of the Nuggets is now his old soaring and scoring self

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

Throughout the first quarter of the Denver Nuggets' final preseason game, David Thompson had been toying with the Los Angeles Lakers' Magic Johnson, exposing all of his defensive weaknesses in a way that began to seem cruel by the time Thompson had scored his ninth point in a little more than eight minutes. Thompson was just coming back after an injury—a heel bruise that had idled him for four of Denver's pre-season games—and as he repeatedly climbed to some new and greater remove from the floor and from the rest of the players who stood transfixed on it, it was evident that his confidence was surging with each play.

In the second period, however, the Lakers quieted Thompson by sending in Michael Cooper, their 6' 5" defensive thresher. "When they brought Cooper in to guard David," says Denver Coach Donnie Walsh, "he seemed very cocky, probably because he had stopped David cold last year." Now it was Cooper who was relentless, limiting Thompson to a single basket over a span of 8½ minutes in the second period. Something within Thompson had died.

With barely more than three minutes remaining in the half, Thompson gathered in a pass, and as he turned toward the basket, he squared off face-to-face with Cooper. Thompson took Cooper left across the line, and Cooper stayed with him stride for stride. When Thompson went up for his shot, Cooper went right up with him. For a long moment the two hovered there, Thompson's body fully extended and Cooper right in his eyes. "When David got to the top of his jump, Cooper leveled off with him, and then David did something that only David can do—he started to go up again," says Walsh, accepting, on faith, Thompson's seeming defiance of physical laws. "Cooper was as high as he was going to get, and when David started to rise again, Cooper got this puzzled expression on his face, like he couldn't believe it. You could look at his eyes and see that he was finished for the night. There was no way he was going to stay with David after that." Indeed, Thompson went on to score 45 points. That game, that one play, was as close as the NBA is ever likely to come to an ascension.

In any ordinary year it would hardly be news that David Thompson was off to a

rousing start, and rousing it has been in 1980—he was the league's Player of the Week a fortnight ago and he was averaging 27.3 points a game at the end of last week. After recovering from yet another heel bruise at the end of October, he poured in 43 points against Seattle, 31 against the Lakers, 39 against the Super-Sonics again, 30 vs. New York and 30 against Chicago—but this is no ordinary year, following as it does the worst year of Thompson's life. After four remarkable seasons in which he averaged 25.2 points a game and led the Nuggets to the playoffs every spring, Thompson missed all but 39 games of last season with a torn ligament in the arch of his left foot. Even when he was able to play, he often seemed uninterested and ill-humored, and soon the locker-room gossip about his "personal problems" and his alleged dabbling with cocaine became a kind of conventional wisdom that found a ready audience in Denver. During the eight dolorous months that followed his injury, Thompson discovered that the future of his once golden career was suddenly where he himself had so often been—up in the air. Thompson was the subject of so much gossip that even Carl Scheer, the Nuggets' president and general manager, conceded in early September that Thompson's reputation was suffering.

More than anything else, it was this shift in popular sentiment against him that stunned Thompson and wounded his pride. He couldn't understand how all the good years could be so quickly dismissed because of one wretched year. "I was really surprised how quickly people's opinion of me turned around," he says. "I felt I deserved better."

Surely there are few more desperate experiences an athlete can endure than to have a "bad year," for unlike the rest of us, the arc of a great athlete's life is marked not by memorable events (the birth of a child, seeing *Casablanca* for the first time), but by years, good and bad. Ask an athlete to name the best year

of his life, and he will know it as surely as he knows his own name.

Thompson had known nothing but good years until the bottom fell out of his life last season. When he reached the most vertiginous heights of professional basketball's salary scale in 1978—signing a contract with the Nuggets worth \$800,000 a season for five years—he had already been performing the game's most improbable high-wire act for three seasons in Denver. At North Carolina State he was named College Player of the Year twice, averaging 26.8 points in three var-

is descriptive of gravity's outer limits.

At some point, probably even before last season, Thompson may have gotten too high for his own good, and it was then that he must have looked down for the first time and realized how very far he might fall if he were to slip even slightly. In the moment of that awful insight, Thompson stopped trying to hold himself up and began looking for a safe place to land. His descent was so steep that by the time he struck bottom, the legendary Skywalker had become the alleged Skygimp, crippled for half the season by an

injury to his left arch that Thompson says was real, but that others implied was only an excuse to cover his fear of flying.

"It was the most humiliating year that I have ever been through," Thompson says, "the way everybody treated me. People came out saying a lot of things about my personal life, which they knew nothing about, the drug thing, my injury. I couldn't believe how many things were going wrong. It felt as if everything had caved in on me."

Things had reached such a dismal pass by the end of the season—a season in which the Nuggets finished 30–52, 19 games out of first place in the Midwest Division—that Scheer asked Thompson to sign his name to what amounted to a *mea culpa* to Nuggets season-ticket holders for the "disappointment" of the past year. Then things

started to get really bizarre. In June the Nuggets requested that Thompson give back some of the \$800,000 they were paying him, which would help keep the franchise afloat. Both of these requests were without precedent and, to say the least, peculiar, but in time Thompson acceded to each of them. He says he "wasn't too pleased" about the letter because teammates Alex English and Dan Issel signed letters that were "strictly positive," but he didn't mind returning his pay because "they said they needed the money."

The contractual agreement worked out between the Nuggets and Thompson's agent, Ted Shay, was certainly not the



The parents of David and Cathy were reluctant to accept their marriage

sity seasons, and in 1974 he helped N.C. State wrest the NCAA championship from UCLA, ending the Bruins' nine-year domination of the college game. And as if that weren't enough, Thompson was so downright lovable that around the ACC they remember him as the Sweetheart of Tobacco Road. "David is the greatest athlete I was ever associated with," says former N.C. State Coach Norm Sloan, "but he was an even greater person."

Though Thompson's height measures only 6' 4½", he has a vertical leap of 44 inches. What Thompson does is not so much in defiance of gravity as it

continued



Thompson's preparations for his comeback season included a regimen of strenuous summer workouts.

DAVID THOMPSON *continued*

giant giveaway that was hinted at when the transaction was revealed. It allowed Thompson to improve his tattered image locally at no cost to him—gift by negotiation. What Thompson had done, really, was loan the Nuggets about \$200,000 of their own money at 11% to 15% interest, payable in 1983.

The fact that Scheer was able to persuade Thompson, in effect, to shoulder the blame for the Nuggets' disastrous season is revealing in two ways. Most notably, it illustrates how easily Thompson can be manipulated—and he often is—and also how adept Scheer is at pulling the right strings. Was it not Scheer, after all, who conducted a plebiscite among Denver fans in 1978 to determine whether or not they supported his effort to sign Thompson at any cost? "We got mail from old ladies who sent us nickels and dimes and asked us to start a fund to pay David," says Scheer proudly.

Thompson's troubles began almost as soon as he had signed the new five-year, \$4 million contract, the most expensive in the history of pro sport at the time. A week earlier he had scored 73 points in Denver's final regular-season game, at Detroit, failing to win the league scoring championship only because George Gervin poured in 63 the same day, to edge Thompson for the title by .07 of a point. Before the Nuggets opened their

playoff series with Milwaukee, Scheer announced that Thompson would remain with the team for another five years. "We thought signing the contract during the playoffs would really spur him on," says Scheer. "My thinking—and how naive it was—was that it would ease his mind and possibly lead us to a championship." That didn't happen, but then Denver has always been a playoff disappointment.

"I was the first to sign a really big contract," says Thompson, "and there were a lot of people who thought I shouldn't be making that kind of money. Whenever I would go they would call me The \$800,000 Man. The little things that people would say had never upset me before, but since I was getting paid so much money, I felt I should be doing what everybody wanted. My value to the team is my scoring, but when I got criticized about my defense or my ball handling, I would forget all about scoring. I was picking my brain trying to figure out what would benefit the team most. Finally I got confused and I started to pout."

Thompson seemed to weigh each night's performance against his enormous salary, and the results were predictable and devastating. Last season Thompson was ejected from three of the Nuggets' first 7 games, once for committing a flagrant foul against Kansas City's Otis Birdsong and the other two times for getting a second technical foul. When he was thrown out of a game in

Utah, he cursed and spit at Referee Jack Madden, one of the league's most respected officials. Later he said he didn't believe the league's white referees wanted to see a black man making \$800,000 a year. "I'm getting tired of seeing officials standing on the sidelines laughing," Thompson said. "I feel like punching one of them in the face."

This year Thompson was hoping to make a fresh start with the officials, but it took only until Denver's third regular-season game for him to be ejected for throwing a ball at Referee Joe Crawford. Late last month in a home game against Phoenix, Thompson was hit with yet another technical for cursing Referee Jack O'Donnell. Later, when O'Donnell had his back to him, Thompson stuck his tongue out at the official and then laughed. "He wasn't like that a couple of years ago," O'Donnell says. "But no matter what he thinks, we're not all gangling up on him."

When Thompson was healthy last year, his problems on the court weren't confined to disagreements with the officiating. "He just wasn't the same," says Doug Moe, now Walsh's assistant but last year the head coach at San Antonio. "When we played Denver, it used to be we were *terrified* of the guy. But it got to the point that he wasn't doing anything, so you didn't worry about him."

Thompson brought on most of the problems himself. He began to miss practices and team planes and to withdraw further and further from his teammates. For the first time, Scheer started to wonder if Thompson was more trouble than he was worth. "I had risked a great deal convincing my partners to sign David," Scheer says. "My reputation rested on his success." When the Nuggets got off to an 0-7 start last season, with Thompson shooting an anemic 34% and averaging only 15 points a game, Scheer began to feel the pressure.

"I felt betrayed," he says. "I had gone out on a limb for David, not being unmindful of the fact that signing him could have bankrupted us, and I wasn't getting the kind of response I expected. He missed a lot of planes, which was disconcerting to the other players and to the coaches. He was losing the respect of the other players. We fined him, but the fines meant nothing because he was making all that money." In November, Walsh finally insisted that Thompson resign as one of the team's co-captains

continued

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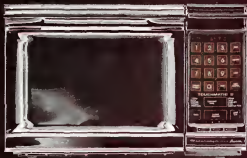
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because of his consistent unreliability.

A lot of Thompson's apparent reluctance to gather 'round the hearth with his fellow Nuggets was no doubt because he didn't like many of them and couldn't get his game in tune with some others. When the Nuggets traded his friend, Bobby Jones, for George McGinnis in 1978, Thompson saw a change in his role, and it wasn't a change he welcomed. "He kind of sat back when we got McGinnis and said, 'O.K., let's see how long it takes you to hang yourself,'" says former Nuggets Coach Larry Brown, now the coach at UCLA. "That bothered me because I thought he was such a great athlete that he should make the other players react to him."

Thompson and McGinnis got along well enough in '78 to make the playoffs, but when the team went sour last season, it was apparent that one of them would have to go. McGinnis was sent to Indiana last February in exchange for English. "If you lose and one guy doesn't get his stats," says Thompson, "then it becomes a question of who's going to get criticized. So it becomes a power struggle. The guys that get paid the most get criticized the most, and that kind of blows the team concept."

"In order for David to be effective," says Walsh, "he needs to be accepted. We had some guys last year who were hard to get along with, and it was hard on David. He would be taking the last shot of a close game, for instance, and just as he was going up, one of our guys would yell, 'That's a bad shot.' It's hard to want to play with guys like that."

If the Nuggets' chemistry was poor last season—and it was, it was—even more disturbing were rumors that Thompson was trying to improve his own chemistry by using cocaine. Drug rumors have followed him since he came into the league, Thompson says. "I'd never even seen any cocaine then," he says. He insists he doesn't use cocaine now and doesn't know how the rumors got started, but he did once go so far as to tell an acquaintance of his that he wasn't "doing anything worse than what everybody else in the NBA is doing." Thompson denies that drugs had anything to do with his poor performance last season. "I guess since everybody thought I was dogging it," he says, "they figured I was doing a lot of drugs. That's totally wrong."

Thompson never spoke to anyone in the Nuggets' front office about the drug

rumors, and Scheer says he was willing to avoid any head-on confrontation with the possibility that his meal ticket was a cocaine fiend. "I never asked him about it directly," says Scheer, "because I was afraid what the answer might be. With David not playing, the whispers became shouts, and it was hard to deny them. My kids even heard the rumors at school."

And there were other rumors to contend with. One that had some validity was that Thompson was having marital difficulties. The problem, in truth, was not with the marriage itself, but with his family and his wife Cathy's family, both of which opposed the marriage, because he is black and she white. Although the two have known each other for five years and have been married since 1978, their families did not really accept the union until last summer. "For a long time there was no contact between the families and us," David says. "It bothered me, but I think the families were only looking out for us. They knew there would be a lot of troubles. When you have a mixed marriage, people always want it to go wrong."

When Erika, their first child, was born 15 months ago, the prospect of their baby being rejected by its grandparents hung over the couple's heads. Last April, when the season was over, David and his daughter went home to North Carolina to visit the families, with Cathy soon to follow. And for the first time all year, he did something that was a triumph.

Neither family could resist Erika's indisputable charms, and slowly, over the course of six weeks, old bridges were restored. "Staying at home for a while made me realize who I was and where I was at," Thompson says. "It gave me some inner confidence that I wasn't getting in Denver. You read so much negative stuff about yourself that you can really get low. From my family I got the reinforcement I needed."

When he returned from North Carolina, David fired Shay, primarily because his longtime agent had kept him insulated not only from his investments but also from most other forms of off-court responsibility as well. When he was around, Shay was inclined to do things like taking out Thompson's dry cleaning or running out to McDonald's and bringing back a late-night snack, and Thompson was inclined to let him.

"David has to take control of his own life now," says Walsh. "He has to accept

his status, and when the need arises, he has to make an effort to fit in. He can't be as sensitive as he has been, can't be as up and down anymore. If you're going to be a superstar, there has to be some steel inside."

If the early going is any indication of what lies ahead, Thompson finally seems to be on the verge of rising out of the child-prodigy class and into the ranks of the game's real stars. Though he was slowed considerably during the last 10 days of October by the recurrence of the heel bruise that caused him to miss most of the preseason, at the end of last week Thompson ranked third in the league in scoring. The Nuggets, meanwhile, were third in the Midwest Division, with a 6-8 record—not great but a big improvement over last year's start. Even more encouraging was the fact that Thompson was playing defense and running on the Nuggets' fast-break opportunities as he has at no time before in his career. "He's a completely different player from the one I saw last year," says Utah Jazz Guard Billy McKinney. "He's the David Thompson you expect to see when you play the Nuggets. He looks extremely sharp. Spectacular, you might say."

You might be right.

END

Obviously, Erika doesn't think Daddy's all wet.



It is a matter of record that in 1938 a Chinese named Kho Sin Kie reached the fourth round at Wimbledon, losing to one Franz Cejnar of Czechoslovakia. With that exception, China hasn't made a ripple in the world of tennis, which over the years had acquired the reputation of being an elitist sport. There are signs, however, that a modest wave is starting to build.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSS ADAMS



To China with Love-15



The scene in and around the People's Stadium in Canton includes an impromptu tea break by the umpire, a collection of nat-high railbirds, Jimbo in native costume, linesmen at the ready and Xia Zhe, one of the three Chinese wild cards



CONTINUED

A Feel for the Game

He had won at Wimbledon and at Forest Hills and now he was winning again, but this place was hardly a shrine of tennis. In fact, it wasn't really a court, just a green carpet spread over what was once a junkyard and was now primarily a basketball arena. Last month, Jimmy Connors was in Guangdong Sheng People's Stadium—capacity 6,000—playing Eliot Teltscher in the finals of the \$50,000 Marlboro Canton Grand Prix Tennis Classic before a house packed with local residents who had paid as little as 15¢ each to sit in cement bleachers under a broiling sun to watch a game many of them didn't understand. —continued



After the head groundskeeper raises the net to its proper height—three feet—the lat-card judge and a crouching ball boy get set for action.



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A Feel for the Game continued

Connors had been coaxed to China—undoubtedly not by the prospect of winning the \$8,750 first prize—to lend stature to the first professional tennis tournament held there. Pro tennis in China? And sponsored by a tobacco company? "Three years back, the concept of sports sponsorship would have been unthinkable," says Kong Zingwen, a high-ranking official of the China Sports Service, an organization whose function it is to attract commercial backing from worldwide companies. "After the death of Mao and the purge, it was decided by the new government that competitive sports were indeed very important. Coaches were then brought in from around the world to help our athletes better compete on an international level."

The Sports Service is on the prowl for money that will decrease the financial burden on the government. Enter Philip Morris. Like so many companies trying to woo the Chinese *yūan*, Philip Morris jumped at the opportunity to put up the \$50,000 in prize money, while other companies—for example, Toyota and Goodyear—provided additional revenue.

Also in on the act was Mark McCormack's International Management Group, which a year and a half ago signed an agreement with the All-China Athletic Federation and the China Central Television network to promote sports in that country. The agreement allows McCormack's group to put together worldwide TV rights from various events held in China. The Canton tennis finals were seen live in China with taped coverage being beamed to Australia, Thailand, the Philippines and Hong Kong.

As might be expected, the players found out that Canton was indeed the far side of Wimbledon. First, getting there was no fun at all. Canton is only a 25-minute plane ride from Hong Kong, but tickets proved to be scarce. Some players with confirmed reservations showed up at the airport and discovered that their names were missing from the computer readout. By rail the same trip takes about three hours, but because the tournament coincided with the Canton Trade Fair, no seats were available. So, many players took a hydrofoil from Hong Kong to the Portuguese territory of Macao and then endured a six-hour bus trip. "What they didn't tell us in advance was that we would have to be ferried across four rivers to get to Canton," says Ross Case, an Australian. "It was an interesting look at China

along the way, but we were exhausted when we arrived."

Most of the players stayed at the White Cloud Hotel, which, as expected, was no cloud nine.

Food was the major difficulty, except for those who took to grass-snake soup or sweet-and-sour eel. Connors had anticipated the problem and solved it by loading a suitcase with peanut butter and cookies. Terry Moor of the U.S. drank soda but didn't eat any solid food for several days, until he located a Western restaurant near the Trade Fair grounds. Whereupon he downed a meal consisting of eight pieces of bread and two meat entrées. Tetscher got by on orange juice, sometimes as many as 10 glasses at a time.

The tournament itself was fairly predictable. Connors beat Tetscher in the final, 6-2, 6-4. Outside the People's Stadium was an enormous billboard of Jimmy, advertising the event. Inside was a veritable church bazaar, with small booths at which everything from small grapefruit to guitars was sold. Among the most impressive sights of the week were the linesmen. One never took his eyes off his designated spot for the entire match.

"I couldn't possibly get mad at any of them," said Brad Drewett of Australia. "They all looked so innocent in their white hats tied under their chins. They took everything so seriously."

There were three Chinese in the 32-player draw, all admitted as wild cards, and, as expected, none won a match. Well, not exactly. Xie Zhao advanced to the second round when his West German opponent, Andreas Maurer, had to retire because of heat prostration. Zhao was unable to collect his \$744 in earnings because he is still an amateur. The Chinese national champion, 27-year-old Xu Meilen, admitted he was envious of players able to travel the pro circuit and hoped one day he and his countrymen could do the same. "Perhaps this is the beginning," he said. "Perhaps someday we will play at Wimbledon. Perhaps we will even win."

Connors was clearly the star of the show. Leave it to Jimbo to give the crowd a flash of show biz. In his semi-final match against Moor, Connors froze in midstep when the umpire reversed a linesman's call. Turning his racket, he pointed the handle at the umpire and made as if to gun him down. Familiar stuff in many parts of the world, but unheard of in China. The laughter from the crowd can best be described as nervous.

—SUSIE TREES



An old sport, clearly a fan, heads for the stadium

In the fall of the year 1958, when most of the men who now make their living running with, assisting those who run with, or defending against those who run with a football had yet to encounter even the running exploits of Dick and Jane and good old Spot, the football coach at Brownwood High in the heart of Texas had himself a problem. Yes he did. The problem stood a little over six feet, weighed upwards of 200 pounds and was so overwhelming in line play that it was almost impossible to hold practice.

"Shoot, none of the boys wanted to line up against old Robert, and him only a junior," recalls Slim Warren, then the football coach at Brownwood and now the principal. "Some junior. Big as he was, he could still outrun every boy we had but one, and he was

twice as strong, literally, as anybody on the team. He could really bang you. He had the kind of pop you got to be born with. The boys he faced his junior year in practice stayed skint up all fall. Thank God for that appendicitis his senior year 'cause otherwise he'd have had to play our schedule all by himself."

The Robert of Coach Warren's recollections wasn't a boy who, because of a slow mind or a gridiron-crazed father, was older than his classmates. On the contrary, he was only 16 when his junior year began. Twenty-two years later, Robert, a/k/a (though not in Brownwood) Bob Young, still puts on his pads of an autumn afternoon and still jars the jaw teeth of all who play against him, the only difference being that now the jaw teeth belong not to the dry mouths of



STILL GOING STRONG

All-Pro at 38, Houston's Bob Young
reigns as the NFL's elder weightsman

by TERRY TODD

*Young is a man of wide girth, no small
asset when it comes to pass blocking.*

high school boys but to the likes of Randy White, Louie Kelcher, Alan Page and Bill Bergey. "Of all the things I have experienced in football," says Bergey, Philadelphia's All-Pro linebacker, "by far the worst is to look up in the middle of a play and find Bob Young coming at me for a one-on-one block. I get this sinking feeling. I've never tried to block a 300-pound bowling ball, but I'd imagine it would be a lot like trying to get around big Bob."

Young's capacity to produce such comments has made him a kind of underground celebrity among his peers, who the past two years voted almost unanimously to include him in the Pro Bowl. Why, then, is Young still so little known outside the flickering lights of the film rooms? Why did he never make the

All-Pro team until 1978, at age 36 and in the 13th year of his NFL career? And why, oh why did St. Louis release him this fall, a move that led to his signing with Houston, for whom he has continued to play outstanding football at left guard?

It was on Sept. 3, 1942, seven weeks before his scheduled arrival, that Robert Allen Young made his first appearance. He weighed seven pounds, 11 ounces and measured 25½ inches long. "Lord have mercy, but I was glad he came along early," his mother, Laverne, remembers. "One look at that boy and I knew he wasn't a minute too soon."

And he grew. His father, Richard, was a 6' 4", 230-pound railroad man; Laverne, a tall, handsome woman who excelled in every sport she ever tried.

continued



"Robert Allen was always bigger than the other boys his age," she recalls, "especially around. But broad and thick as he was, he was always catfooted. And strong? He and his young brother, Doug, were wrestling one day when it turned into a fight and before I could get there Robert Allen had snatched Doug up and run him slam through the bedroom wall. Right through the gyprock. Doug was tough, though, bless his heart, and Robert Allen never really hurt him.

"And eat?" She laughs. "I couldn't fill him. I'll never forget Doug complaining one day that Robert Allen got more to eat. 'But, honey,' I told him, 'Robert Allen is bigger than you.' And Doug answered, 'Yeah, and at this rate he always will be.'"

Other Brownwood folks remember the teen-age trencherman. Gus Snodgrass, Robert's high school track coach, tells about a meet in Killeen. "Robert and an old boy from Weatherford named Ray Schoenke, who later played for SMU and

the Washington Redskins, were big bad-dies," he says. "They both of them threw the shot, and since they didn't have to qualify, they had the morning off. We brought 15 or 16 boys from Brownwood on our bus and everybody had packed a lunch. Well, Robert got to feeling sociable and he invited Schoenke back to the bus for a snack, and when our boys showed up at lunch there wasn't anything left but sacks and wax paper.

"But even better than that," Coach Snodgrass continues, laughing now, "was the day the big-time recruiter from the University of Texas came out to Brownwood to talk to Robert about a scholarship. I knew it was a fine chance for Robert, and I wanted him to make a good impression, so when the recruiter arrived I told him about how strong and quick Robert was. I even stretched things a little and said Robert was a real hard worker and all. It was track season and I suggested that we ought to go down and watch Robert get off some of those record

throws of his. (That spring Young produced a Triple A division state record of 62' 3" in the shot, a mark which still stands.) What I didn't know was that Robert's girl friend had made him a chocolate cake that afternoon in home ec. And sure enough, when me and the recruiter got down to the shot circle, I see a half-eaten cake there on the bench by old Robert and him just grinning, taking a throw and eating a piece of cake, taking a throw and eating another piece, 'til the whole damn thing was gone."

More impressed than perturbed, the Texas recruiter offered young Robert a full ride in both football and track, a ride that in time was accepted.

David McWilliams, a fellow freshman that fall of '60 and now a Longhorn assistant coach, describes both the initial and the far more important secondary impression Young made on campus. "I remember like it was yesterday how Robert looked that first day of practice," he says. "It was hot as a bowl of East Austin chili and here came

Robert kind of waddling out onto the field, that big belly of his leading the way. Back then he'd never touched a weight, and so all of his 245 pounds was in his thighs, butt and madsction, and I thought to myself that there went one old boy who wouldn't be with us too long.

"But then we broke up into groups to do some short sprints, and what did that big rascal do but outrun everybody. And I don't mean just the linemen, I mean everybody. We knew then he was something special. Later on we realized that Robert could beat us all not only in sprinting but in just about everything else—arm wrestling, standing broad jumps, shooting pool, eating Mexican food, drinking beer, sleeping late and whatever else anybody cared to try. He had the damndest reflexes I ever saw. After a while no one would play him in that game where you try to slap the other guy's hands, because he'd never miss and he was almost impossible to hit."

Darrell Royal, then the Texas coach, vividly remembers Young, even after two decades. "We've had a lot of young men pass through here since I came," Royal says, "and I've seen some phenomenal athletes, but the only one either here or anywhere else I know of who had the same sort of God-given raw talent for the sport of football that Robert had was Earl Campbell. They had it all and still do—strength, speed, quickness, size, balance, coordination and an almost instinctive insight into the nature of the game. When we could manage to motivate him, I saw Robert do things here as a freshman I never thought a 17-year-old boy could do. None of our varsity players was a one-on-one match for him. He was voted the outstanding freshman lineman in the SWC, and I think I even remember him getting a perfect rating of 100 in our freshman game against A&M. But even at that he never played up to his potential. I don't think lazy is the right word, but he was mighty hard to motivate. He was so sweet-natured. I honestly don't believe he particularly liked to play, and I'm sure he never came close to realizing what his great physical gifts could do for him in life. Had he stayed eligible here and gotten serious, there's little doubt in my mind he'd have been at least a two-time All-American, an Outland Award winner and a million or two dollars richer after playing



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pro ball all these years than he is now."

Had he stayed eligible and gotten serious. The fact is, in those days Young was considerably less interested in playing football than he was in simply playing. As Royal says, far from being an ornery Texan bent on mischief, back then Robert had his mind on fun. He was like a young bear. His pleasure was to eat and drink his fill, frolic a while in the evening air, sniff around for a taste of honey, then finally wend his ursine way back to his den in Hill Hall.

In high school he lived at home, and his ability on the field saw him through the underwhelming academic obstacles at Brownwood High, as it has seen many other strong and swift young men through similar obstacles, but at Texas he didn't have Mama Young to make him come in early, to roust him out every morning and to send him on to class. And, of course, Robert slept as he played, splendidly. It is said that after eight or nine dozen tamales and a case of beer, Robert could enter a state not unlike hibernation.

But his life-style at Texas finally rendered him ineligible, denied him access to football after his freshman season and, for the first time in his young manhood, made it necessary for him to face existence outside the cocoon of an athletic program. He drifted. Within a year he was married, and he accepted the offer of a scholarship at Howard Payne, a small college back home in Brownwood generally incapable of producing the sort of player Young seemed destined to become.

At Howard Payne, Young completed his eligibility in an undistinguished way, just going through the motions, and in 1964 he was drafted by St. Louis in the 19th round. Shortly after arriving in St. Louis, however, Young suffered a head injury. He decided to chuck pro football and go home to his wife and brand-new baby girl. The Young family moved to nearby San Marcos, Texas, and Robert earned a bachelor's degree from Southwest Texas State.

That year Young came to understand that his only real alternative to the scuffle of everyday work was to take another crack at the pros. Accordingly, he decided to do what people had long been urging him to do—train hard with weights and get in shape before camp. And so he came to me and asked if I

would help him. At the time I had just finished my graduate work at the University of Texas and was living in Austin, preparing to take a teaching position at Auburn in the fall, and training for the approaching National Powerlifting Championships.

I had known Robert ever since he came to Texas as a freshman and was introduced to me by a mutual friend from Brownwood, who brought him by the gym one winter day to show me what kind of boys they grew back home. I was shown. Only death or coma could erase from my mind the image of that rather fat-looking young man walking up to a bar loaded to 305 pounds and ramming it up over his head as if he had been doing it all of his life. The facts were that he had just turned 18 and had never trained with weights. In all my years of following strength sports I've never seen anything that made such an impression on me. Having witnessed his potential, I did everything but hold a gun on him during and just after his freshman year to get him to train, but all he would do was drop by the gym every few weeks and lift something,

which gave stark evidence that he was growing stronger simply by existing.

Naturally, then, when he asked for my help in 1966, I was about as willing to work with him as a voice coach would be to work with a young Pavarotti. When we began, Robert weighed 265 pounds to my 330 and was perhaps 75% as strong as I was, but every week the gap narrowed, no matter how hard I trained. Only the fact that he had to leave for a tryout with Denver kept him from catching and passing me. At the end of our eight weeks of intensive work with the weights, Robert's body weight had increased to 300 pounds and he had added an average of 125 pounds to each of his training lifts.

For the first time in his life Robert had worked really hard at something on his own. So it was no surprise to anyone who knew him that he made the starting lineup in Denver. Even at 300 pounds he outran most of the linemen and many of the backs in the 40, being clocked regularly in 5.0 seconds, and the Denver coaches knew they had a live one. But as the effects of those eight weeks Young had spent with the weights wore off,

continued



Young and Tackle Leon Gray offer a toast to Coach Burn Phillips, who brought the All-Pros to Houston

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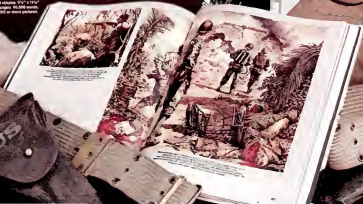
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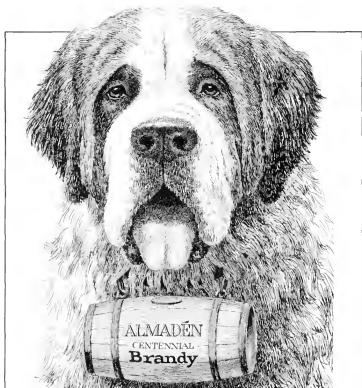
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his extra size and strength and will drained away and he settled into an undistinguished five-year stint with the Broncos, playing well enough to start most games but not nearly playing up to his you know what.

Blessed with all the talent in the world, Robert seemed satisfied to drift along in those days and remain just an average lineman, doing no training from one season to the next. He was traded to Houston in 1971, played there one year and then had a contract dispute. St. Louis picked him up on waivers, and it was there that his renaissance began.

After the 1973 season Robert went home to Brownwood and began taking daily doses of the iron down at his brother Doug's gym. Like bluebonnets in a wet Texas spring, he quickly blossomed, adding probably 50 pounds of muscle and removing 30 pounds or so of fat, ending up 20 pounds heavier, 30% stronger and brimful of confidence.

In the summer of '74 Robert went to camp, in the words of bullfight aficionados, *buscando guerra*—looking for war—and his career as an underground star of the game flicks was born. Bill Curry, the former All-Pro center and line coach for Green Bay and now head coach at Georgia Tech, recollects watching some films a few years ago and noting one of the guards dining out on a certain All-Pro defensive tackle. "Someone in the room said, 'Who in the hell is No. 64?'" Curry recalls, "and someone else spoke up, 'Why, that's Bob Young, the old guy who used to play for Denver.' And then a quiet voice was heard as Young rolled his man up the field again, 'Aged well, hasn't he?'"

In any case, once Robert set his mind to really play and began to train, quality performance became the rule rather than the exception. All Young needed then to become a big star almost overnight was a new name. Not only did he suffer from a reputation for mediocrity 10 years in the making, but he was also victimized by the double whammy of being an offensive lineman with a name like Bob Young. Who in the world believes "Too Tall" Jones could have been typed by the media, and so subsequently enriched, had he been known simply as Ed Jones? Bob (Too Round) Young, or Bob (Boarhog) Young, or even, if only for lovers of wordplay, Carl Young. Something. Outstanding linemen like Dan Dierdorf



Some nocturnal disco-ing with his wife helps Young keep his massive physique reasonably sweet

or Joe DeLamielleure or Bob Lilly have names that are memorable, but a man known as "Bob Young," an average lineman for 10 years, stands in need.

Even his personality has been a problem. Neither voluble nor glib, Young played for several years at St. Louis in the shadow of All-Pros Tom Banks and Dierdorf and particularly in that of Conrad Dobler, the other guard. Those close to the Cardinals who watched Young and Dobler week after week for six years before Dobler was traded to New Orleans in 1978 just shake their heads and explain that, although Dobler was a good offensive guard, Young was a great one. Robert, of course, is aware of the effect of this obscurity on his pocketbook, but a couple of years ago he said, "Well, I'm what I am. I guess I'll play unknown."

But the truth, as it's supposed to, will out, and finally, after at least two seasons in which many people felt he deserved Pro Bowl recognition, Young was named to the '79 game. No one else in NFL history had gone to the Pro Bowl for the first time so late in a career. And no

one had made All-Pro, as Young did in 1978, for the first time in the 13th year of a career.

Last summer, before the football camps began, Young was looking forward to another good year with the Cardinals. A back injury he suffered in the '80 Pro Bowl had seemingly mended with rest and light weight training, and the St. Louis team physician felt that Young's physical should be no problem.

Buoyed by the news, Bob and his second wife, Myra, whom he had married in 1979, put a deposit on a lovely old home in St. Charles, Mo. and began to make plans to redecorate. But then in July Young took the team physical and management decided to release him ... because of the back injury.

Young's first reaction was disbelief, which changed quickly to outrage laced with bitterness, emotions that drove him to find another place to play, even though it meant starting over with a new team at an age almost twice that of the average rookie. Teams began to call and Robert visited several, including Los An-

continued

'DON'T TAKE THE EASY WAY OUT'

What of the weight program Bob Young—at 6'1", 285 pounds one of the most massively proportioned players in the NFL—used to gain those shattering hits? How does it differ, if at all, from the conditioning program of other pros?

"The one thing I do that's the most different," says Young, "is that I concentrate on strengthening my trunk and hips and legs instead of my shoulders and arms. I laugh when I hear coaches who don't know the first thing about how strength relates to football talking about how much so-and-so can bench press. You even see it these days on scouting reports, and on TV, along with a man's time in the 40. I guess it's the one lift they know, so it becomes more important to them."



For Young, barbells, not machines, are the tools of fitness.

But what about the upper body? Young is one of a handful of football players who have done a legitimate, hips-down 500-pound bench press. "I don't mean the shoulders and arms aren't important," Young says. "All I'm saying is that since line play is 75% lower body, why spend 75% of your time on bench presses and curls? The payoff just isn't there. People seem to think they get enough legwork from running or racketball, but they're wrong. You need squats and dead lifts and pulls so that the legs and hips and lower back are used hard as a unit. That's how you play, and that's how you should train. And forget about machines. Stay with free weights. Machines cost too much and do too little."

Not surprisingly, Young's perceptive insights are getting substantial support these days from both empirical observation and independent research. The Pittsburgh Steelers, for instance, use mostly free weights and concentrate on heavy leg and back work both pre-

season and in season; they do very little work with machines.

Recently, during an interview Steeler offensive linemen Mike Webster and Jon Kolb did for a CBS Sports Spectacular segment called *The Strongest Men in Football* (in which they placed first and second respectively), Webster said he felt that the hard training with barbells he and Kolb—and most of the rest of the Steeler linemen—do both before and during the season has been a large part of their success as a team and as individuals. Young was in the *Strongest Men* competition, but a back injury hampered him. Webster graciously said Young probably would have won had he been fit.

Much of the recent research in physiology and biomechanics has failed to substantiate the claims made by the advertising departments of companies whose business it is to make and market weight machines. Several athletes, in fact, have found free weights to be significantly superior to certain well-known machines in the development of the kind of strength and power usually associated with football.

Young says, "Lord knows it's easier to use a machine than a barbell, and it's easier to lie back on a bench and do a few presses than it is to face a heavy set of squats, and it's easier still to just sit on your butt and do nothing. But if easier was the key, I'd have been All-Pro all my life."

In training, Young has lifted 800 pounds in the squat and 800 in the dead lift. But it must be remembered that he uses the weights intermittently, as a means to an end, rather than as an end in themselves.

Jim Hanftin, the head coach of the Cardinals, says, "Bob's strong, all right. No question, he's the strongest man I've seen in the game, but his strength is only one aspect of his amazing ability as an offensive lineman. I've seen lots of big, strong men who couldn't begin to play pro ball, much less play like Bob plays. I coached the offensive line for St. Louis when Bob came into his prime, six or seven years ago, and I guess I've watched more footage of him than anyone, and there is absolutely no question in my mind that he's the greatest offensive guard ever to play the game."

"I've seen them all, from Jerry Kramer to John Hannah, and I mean no disrespect to them when I say that. But those films don't lie. Bob is simply the best that's ever been. I'm proud he's doing so well in Houston, but I'm damn sure not surprised."

ges, Philadelphia and Denver, before finally settling on Houston.

Perhaps Young's failure to pass the St. Louis medical was more fiscal than physical. One team told Young that if a club wanted to take a chance on him, he didn't have to worry about the examination. Leon Gray, the All-Pro tackle who plays next to Young in Houston, says, "My guess is the Cardinal owners figured that since Bob was almost 38 years old, since they'd depreciated him to the limit and since they were paying him three or four times what they could get a young guard for, those back X rays began to look real serious. I imagine they thought more about saving themselves some money than they did about how Bob busted butt for them all those years. Thank the Lord for their bad judgment."

Banks, who was switched from center, at which position he was All-Pro for four seasons, to guard by the Cardinals this year, but now is on injured reserve with a knee condition, agrees that the Cardinal management was wrong to trade Young. "They really blew it," he says, "an unbelievably bad move. I don't care if Bob's 38 or 48, the man can play. Look at him in Houston. I wish we still had him, and not just because I'd be back at center, but because he was so much fun to watch, especially when he played against a really great tackle, like Randy White. White's as good a tackle as there is, and Bob used to handle him so easy it was embarrassing."

All the Cardinals remember Young's hitting in the big games. Dierdorf, the well-spoken, 6'3", 290-pound perennial All-Pro offensive tackle who played with Young for eight years, was reminiscing at a party recently after the Cardinals had won their first game of the season. "I'm sort of a connoisseur of great hits," he said. "I collect them in my mind. Not just good hits, but savage hits, stunners. If I had to list the best five I've ever seen in a game or on film, one of Bob's would be first on that list." Leaning back, Dierdorf smiled and added, "And one of Bob's would also be second, third, fourth and fifth. Film days will never be the same again."

During Young's years with the Cardinals, he was the subject of much conversation among his teammates, each of whom seems to have a favorite story about his eating or his wild, non-stop dancing or his almost superhuman phys-

continued

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21 EST. mpg **30** EST. hwy mpg **

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RX-7 GS
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*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options.

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GLC Custom 5-door
\$5395*



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28 EST. mpg **39** EST. hwy mpg

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**EPA estimates for comparison purposes for standard 626. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. The actual highway mileage will probably be less.

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The more you look,
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626 Sport Sedan
\$6495*

ical power. And if his depredations so far as an Oiler are any indication, the Astrodome should soon prove to be a hot-house for stories of Young's outsized exploits. Gray recalls hearing a loud grunt to his right during the Cleveland game the second week of the season, Young's first game with the Oilers: "I looked over to where Bob had knocked his man back and that man be groaning and carrying on, and I say, 'Bob, what you do to that man?' and he just grin a little and show those big teeth. Man, he fires me up. I think, Lord, that man's 38 years old, but he plays like a kid. A smirky kid. It's like playing with John Hannah [Gray's former teammate in New England] again. Me and that big studhorse gonna play us some football!"

"Bob is a pleasure to coach," says Joe Bugel, who handles the offensive line for Houston. "He's such a professional. He didn't walk in here like a peacock, even though he was an All-Pro. He walked in like a man and he listened and he'd ask questions if he didn't understand something. But even with his reputation I didn't think he could learn our system as fast as he did. I didn't think anyone could."

Houston Coach Bum Phillips, who, with the acquisition of Young, added even more luster to his reputation as a studhorsestrader, what with Kenny Stabler and Leon Gray already Oilers (and Dave Casper soon to become an Oiler), is pleased by Young's performance. "Young has played like an All-Pro for the past few years and he's playing like an All-Pro for us," Phillips says. "I like the way he carries himself and the way he sees so far into a play. And his quickness is unbelievable. He comes off the ball as fast as anyone I've ever seen. His first day in practice we ran a play where he was supposed to pull and lead the play to the right. Well, he's got such quick feet that he almost ran over Stabler. Kenny had to adjust to Bob's reactions, but you know, I don't think he minded. To look at Bob you just wouldn't think he could move like he does."

About Young's size, Phillips says, "All that muscle helps Bob in two ways. For one thing, that tremendous muscle structure helps protect him from injuries. I saw him take an accidental lick in the first game that would have crippled some men, but it just sprained his knee a little. And for another, he can use that

muscle and really pop somebody. He hit an old boy that first game so hard it was a shame. I just can't believe St. Louis let a man like that get away. Maybe they'll send us Dierdorf when he gets a couple years older. The way Bob's going now, I think he'll play at least another season or two."

One person who seems particularly sanguine about such a prospect is Stabler, who recently explained what Young had meant to the team. As he talked, he often glanced at Young, who was in his jockstrap, taping his arms and wrists. Stabler would smile and shake his head as Young bent and twisted, the huge straps of muscle standing out across his hips and thighs and back, rising and falling under his vast expanse of skin like whales at play in a still lagoon.

"My God, would you look at that," Stabler observed. "Imagine a man six-one and weighing 285 being able to move like he can. He hurts people. He forces the defense to forget certain of their options. That left side of ours is a dangerous unit. Carl Mauk and Leon and now Bob. All that experience. I feel like I have a year to get the ball away. But what I like most about Young is his style, what kind of man he is. I know he's played hurt out there but he never says a thing about it. He just comes back to the huddle and gets ready for the next play. That kind of a man lends a lot more to his team than just his ability. That front office at St. Louis must be taking the wrong medicine."

Later that day Young played a fine game against the Bengals. In the fourth quarter, leading a sweep around left tackle, he took Linebacker Jim LeClair not only out of the play but also out of the game. This rare ability to explode against an opponent is perhaps Young's most singular talent—a talent which, in his opinion, results from his genetic heritage as well as from his work with the weights. He avoids jogging because he believes it diminishes his power, laughingly arguing that anything over 40 yards is a distance event. He does run, though, favoring short sprints to complement his work with the weights.

Amazingly, even with his Jovian bulk, Young had the lowest percentage of body fat of any St. Louis lineman when the team was tested last year. Cast not at all

in the classic mold, his physique is nevertheless not without a certain utilitarian beauty. One thing seems certain—no one will ever mistake Bob coming out of the shower for Michelangelo's David.

As Young continues to shape his body through exercise—and what I hesitate to, but will, call diet—into an increasingly blunt instrument, it does appear that he is still at the top of his game. Bud Wilkinson, who coached St. Louis in 1978 and most of 1979, said last season that Young seemed to be playing better than ever. "I know everyone always talks about how physically dominant Young is," Wilkinson said, "and I have no quarrel with that. But what strikes me most about him is how smart he is about the game of football. He paces himself and he sees patterns as quickly as anyone, and I think if he doesn't sustain a serious injury he can play outstanding football until he's at least 40. Bob is a unique athlete."

So, not only is Young the oldest man now playing offensive guard in the NFL, but knowledgeable people agree that he seems to be relatively unaffected by age. All this is without precedent. It gives pause. Does the body really age as rapidly as we have been taught? To what extent can will and the weights thwart the dying of the light?

Young has this to say: "For years I just went through the motions, playing because I didn't know what else to do. But then I went to St. Louis and began to lift, and for the first time since high school I began to love the game again. Really love it. And I'm proud of how well I can play."

Asked how long he can go on, Young says, "During my last couple of years with St. Louis I used to have a dream sometimes, and in my dream it was always cool, even cold. I'd be lined up next to Banks and Dierdorf and Terry Stieve and we'd have a drive going, really moving the ball. Coach [Jim] Hanftan would be on the sidelines yelling at us. The first play [Jim] Hart would hit [Mel] Gray for an eight-yard gain, then we'd open a hole for [Jim] Otis and get the first down. And then we'd get another. We never tired and we never gave up the ball. The other night, for the first time, I had that dream about Leon and Carl and Earl. Moving the ball. In my dreams it's always late afternoon. And we play that way forever."

END



As Quarterback Mike Kerrigan (12) knows full well, Northwestern loses its shirt week after week.

A who's who of have-nots

Georgia's clearly the nation's top team now, but who's ahead for bottom honors? It's a tough choice from among a field of losers who have fallen as badly as 105-0

Okay, so maybe we do need a playoff. Not to determine who's No. 1. Right now it's Georgia, no argument from here. Of the 139 major-college teams, only the Bulldogs are unbeaten and untied. What the playoff would determine is which team is No. 139. Right now that's too much of a scramble to be decided by a poll.

Why? Well, here we are going into the 12th week of the 1980 season, and two Division I-A teams are still winless, tieless and hopeless enough to finish the year with perfect 0-11 records. They are Northwestern and Oregon State. Right behind them are the likes of Colorado, TCU, Vanderbilt, Memphis State and East Tennessee State, with one victory apiece. See, with no playoff, a team like East Tennessee, winless against big-time opposition, is dead—despite its 1-8 record. It's just that the Buccaneers, who play in the Southern Conference, are

small-fry. With major-conference teams still untriumphant, no East Tennessee can be voted No. 139. Pretend the Buccaneers were 11-0. Would they be No. 1? No chance. But East Tennessee ought to be given an opportunity to earn bottom honors.

A far more likely No. 139 team is Colorado. The 1-8 Buffaloes have been outscored by a sit-up-and-take-notice 392-143. Late in an 82-42 loss to Oklahoma, Coach Chuck Fairbanks made a plea to the Sooner staff, begging for mercy. He asked that Oklahoma quit mixing plays and just send the fullback into the middle of the line. Which Oklahoma did, generally for 20 yards at a clip.

Like Colorado, Georgia Tech has a rich gridiron tradition; the Yellow Jackets once won a game 222-0 and used to be coached by a guy named John W. Heisman. But that was yesteryear. Today, after nine games, Tech has one win

and a \$496,980.24 lawsuit, filed against it by Pepper Rodgers, who was canned as Yellow Jacket coach after last year's 4-6-1 finish. In September an overly optimistic ad hoc cheering group called the BZZZOO Society (Yellow Jackets, get it?) was formed. It passed out 4,000 ka-zoos and hundreds of T-shirts, proclaiming: *BLOW IT OUT YOUR BZZZOO*. But last Saturday, Tech blew any chance it had of finishing last with its absolutely bzzzoo 3-3 tie with Notre Dame.

Twice-victorious Mississippi also has a deep football tradition, plus a spectacular quarterback in John Fourcade. Unfortunately, the 1980 Rebels also have what Coach Steve Sloan might label an intangible: a will to not win. Four of Mississippi's seven losses were by a touchdown or less. Now, this can be a positive consideration in the race to be No. 139; just as a national champ is often a team that wins on its off days, the national champ should be able to lose even on its good days. Mississippi does. Against Tulane, for instance, the Rebels outrushed the Green Wave (293 yards to 59), outpassed it (230-215) and had 25 first downs to Tulane's 15. But Ole Miss also committed nine turnovers and eked out a 26-24 defeat.

Mississippi beat Vanderbilt, an occurrence that failed to grab headlines because Commodore opponents almost always win. This fall Vandy is a typical 1-7 and is making news only because all of its defeats have been overwhelming. The Commodores have been most consistent against quality opposition, having lost 41-0 to both Georgia and Alabama. Vandy runs a prevent offense. It scores an average of 9.8 points a game; its opponents average 31. And the Commodores' victory probably shouldn't count, because the team they beat was Memphis State.

The Tigers not only have a 1-8 record, but their opponents have won only 30 of 77 games. Consider this: Mississippi, Georgia Tech, Vanderbilt and Cin-

continued



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"Treating all of that water so it meets Federal and state guidelines is no small accomplishment," says Ron Babik. "And neither is disposing of the slurry generated during the process."

The "slurry" problem

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And, of course, money is another problem. Bethlehem has already spent more than \$700 million for pollution control equipment at our various operations. And we're committed to continue with programs that will control approximately 95 percent of our pollutant

emissions and discharges. These programs should achieve primary air and water standards, the level of control established for a healthy environment."

From here on: Let's make sure the benefits are worth the costs

Bethlehem intends to keep on with the clean-up. But before new and tighter regulations are proposed, we believe Federal and state environmental authorities should be required to show that the benefits of those regulations will clearly be worth the costs."

Our position is clearly explained in our booklet, *Steelmaking and the Environment*, which includes our *Statement on Environmental Quality Control*. If you'd like a copy, write: Public Affairs Dept., 476 Martin Tower, Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.

Bethlehem 

Ron Babik supervises the water treatment plants that service the mines at Bethlehem's Cambria Coal Mining Division near Johnstown, Pa. Ron is one of about a thousand Bethlehem Steel employees whose activities involve Bethlehem's environmental control program.





Mark Twain: "Thunder is good, thunder is impressive; but it is lightning that does the work."

When Mark Twain held forth at Klapproth's cafe, cigar in one hand, a glass of Old Crow in the other, one expected this kind of wit-filled conversation. Old Crow was so much a favorite of Twain's, he kept twenty-five barrels at the cafe.

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The New Sunbeam SRX Razor
As close as you can get.



cinnati have five victories among them. Four of those wins came against Memphis State.

Arkansas State (1-8) and Texas-El Paso (1-9) deserve mention for No. 139, too. The Miners handed Brigham Young an 83-7 triumph, the most one-sided major-college score of the season. Arkansas State's lone triumph came against Tennessee-Martin, which isn't a country and western singer. After the Indians' seventh straight defeat—28-0 to Louisiana Tech—their coach, Larry Lacewell, was asked about team morale. "I'm sure it's not good," he said.

Among the other contenders, TCU (1-8) may have played too many close games and too many Top 20 opponents—Georgia, Baylor and SMU—for serious consideration, especially seeing as its lone victory came just last week. (If you must win a game, win it early in the season.) Not that the Frogs are without credentials. In falling 34-3 to Georgia, they had minus 10 yards rushing. Against Rice, TCU blew a 24-7 halftime lead, losing 28-24. Just before the final gun, the Frogs drove to Rice's three-yard line and called a time-out to regroup. Then Quarterback Steve Stamp dropped back and threw a pass into a corner of the end zone—the one occupied by about seven Rice defenders. Interception. Against Baylor, TCU had three passes picked off inside the Baylor five-yard line. The Frogs' athletic director, Frank Windeger, blamed that 21-6 loss on public-address announcer Bob Barry, which seems logical. What Barry did was announce—at a juncture Windeger said was inappropriate—that SMU had just beaten previously undefeated Texas. At that moment, Baylor was leading TCU by only a point, 7-6. Windeger felt that the announcement alerted the Bears to the fact that they could become the sole undefeated Southwest Conference team and it boosted their spirits. To boost TCU, Windeger fired Barry.

Winless Northwestern, a perennial Bottom 20 club, surely leads the nation in losing games by halftime. Washington had the Wildcats 45-0 by the intermission; Ohio State led 42-0. Against Illinois, Northwestern trailed only 9-0 at halftime but was outscored 35-0 the rest of the way. True, because of injuries, Coach Rick Venturi has had to rely on two freshmen and seven sophomores. But Northwestern also has three Top 20 opponents, Ohio State, Michigan and Pur-

due, which militates against its being No. 139. So does the fact that the Cats played Michigan nearly even, losing only 17-10 and threatening to tie the score up to the last minute, when a pass was picked off in the Wolverines' end zone. In fact, one of Michigan's touchdowns came at the conclusion of a drive kept alive in part because Northwestern was penalized for having 12 players on the field while the Wolverines were punting. The next day, one Detroit sportswriter said, "Northwestern should be permitted to play with 12 men on the field."

And then there's Oregon State. It's appropriate that the Beavers have black armbands on their uniforms. In the 1970s Oregon State won 28 games and lost 82. Once a third-string lineman was called upon to play because of a rash of injuries. He sacked an opposing quarterback, and was so out of shape that he threw up on him, too. This season the Beavers have not beaten anybody, and they've played no team that was ranked in last week's Top 20. In the Pac-10, Oregon State ranks last in scoring, passing, total offense, scoring defense, total defense and rushing defense. Two weeks ago, in the Beavers' 54-13 loss to Stanford, the Cardinals' John Elway completed 16 of 17 first-quarter passes. The Beavers have a decent running back in Tony Robinson, but let a better one go when Jarvis Redwine transferred from Corvallis to Nebraska. Today Redwine is the nation's No. 5-ranked running back. At Oregon State he rarely got to play. Which is more action than Jeff Marton, a walk-on who made the traveling squad for the Beavers' game at Texas in September, has seen. Once he got to Austin, Marton wasn't asked to suit up. He watched from the stands as Oregon State lost 35-0. The rest is murky, but somehow he spent the night in the county jail in Austin. It isn't known if he was angry over the game or celebrating his good fortune at having sat it out.

Anyway, obviously what is needed is a playoff: Oregon State, Northwestern, Vanderbilt, Mississippi, Colorado, Memphis State, TCU and East Tennessee State could be seeded. Teams such as Air Force (1-7-1), Columbia (1-7) and Cincinnati (1-8) would fill out the draw. Maybe give a wild-card berth to Division I-AA's Delaware State (1-8), which went under 105-0 last Saturday against Portland State. Losers advance. The championship game would be held in Plains, Ga.

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

WEST Delaware State's Hornets traveled all the way to Portland (Ore.) State to find out if the high-scoring Vikings were for real. What they learned was that the Vikings were so real they were almost unreal. Portland State broke its two-week-old Division I-AA record of 93 points by winning 105-0. Viking Quarterback Neil Lomax played only seven minutes and 28 seconds, but threw eight touchdown passes, a record seven in the first quarter. That made Lomax the NCAA's all-time leader in TD passes, with 98. Lomax completed 16 of 28 for 311 yards; he also ran 13 yards for another score. The Viking defense also did a job, forcing 16 fumbles and recovering six.

"I sensed it for four weeks," said UCLA Coach Terry Donahue after a second straight loss, this one 20-14 to Oregon. "There was no emotion. No elation. No singing. No back-slapping. You could see it coming, but nothing seemed to stop it." The Ducks' Reggie Ogburn passed for 142 yards and ran for 83, giving him 225 yards, 12 more than the entire Bruin team. The loss of Freeman McNeil with a hip injury in the first period hurt UCLA. So did a sack of Quarterback Tom Ramsey by Defensive Tackle Vince Goldsmith when the Bruins had a first down on the Oregon six late in the game.

With leading ballcarrier Darrin Nelson out with a bad ankle in the second half, Stanford wound up at minus 13 yards on the ground against Southern Cal. John Elway of the Cardinals passed for 260 yards, but it wasn't nearly enough as the Trojans won 34-9. Marcus Allen ran for 195 yards and two early scores for USC, and Bob McCaskey added a 21-yard touchdown run.

Tom Flick's near-perfect passing—16 of 17 for 230 yards and three touchdowns—propelled Washington to a 45-22 conquest of Arizona. Tom Tunnicliffe of the Wildcats threw for 328 yards as he hit on 23 of 38 attempts, but it failed to prevent the Huskies from taking a big step toward the Rose Bowl.

Washington State kept its faint Rose Bowl hopes alive by beating winless Oregon State 28-7. Facing the Cougars was Samoa Samoa, who passed for two TDs and ran for a third.

Colorado State swept past Texas-El Paso 37-7 to remain atop the WAC. Second-place Brigham Young beat North Texas State 41-23 as Jim McMahon connected on 40 of 50 passes for 364 yards. Utah, with Ricky Hardin completing 24 of 35 throws for 358 yards and six touchdowns, whipped New Mexico 49-21.

USC(7-0-1)

WASHINGTON(7-2) OREGON(5-2-2)

continued

SOUTH Johnny Smith, Ken Whisenant, Ted Peoples, Steve Mooney, Robert Jaracz, Duane Wood, Lance Skelton, Mark Sheffield, Lawrence Lowe. Notre Dame had no reason to fear these players on Georgia Tech's 1-7 squad. By game's end, though, those nine and their teammates had earned heaps of respect—and a 3-3 tie that was sure to end a one-week stay at the top of the polls for the Irish.

Midway through the first period, Yellow Jacket Quarterback Mike Kelley, who started for the first time since spraining his shoulder four weeks earlier, jammed his aching shoulder again and was through. In came Whisenant, a walk-on freshman, whose only experience at Tech had been in practice as a receiver, to engineer a 53-yard drive that ended when Smith locked a 39-yard field goal with 6:11 to go in the half.

From there on, it was up to the Tech defense; the offense picked up only one first down and 10 yards in the second half. Peoples, who had been bothered by a knee injury, took over at quarterback late in the third period, but couldn't get anything going. Jaracz, Skelton and Sheffield recovered Notre Dame fumbles in the fourth quarter. And other defenders—notably Mooney, Wood and Lowe—repeatedly stopped the Irish. Notre Dame scored after Stacey Torton intercepted a pass at the Irish one and brought it back to the 11. Quarterback Mike Courney ran for 11 yards and passed twice for 19 more, but there would be no more big gains. With the ball on the Tech 29 on fourth-and-three, Harry Oliver, who had missed a 27-yard field-goal try in the second quarter, booted a 47-yarder with 4:14 left to make it 3-3. Notre Dame had two chances after that. The first ended with a lost fumble. The second was doused when freshman Quarterback Blair Kiel was thrown for a 16-yard loss on third-and-four from the Tech 42. With 20 seconds to go, fourth and 20 on the Irish 42, Notre Dame Coach Dan Devine considered a field goal, but he finally opted for a punt—Kiel booted the ball 58 yards—hoping to intercept an ensuing Tech pass. Peoples intercepted three times, but Notre Dame didn't intercept either and time ran out.

Alabama Coach Bear Bryant, who found out the week before what it felt like to lose a No. 1 ranking, tried to rouse his team for an SEC game against Louisiana State by saying, "What do you do when you get beat? Do you duck your head and run off to hide? Or do you pick up a sword and get after people?" Swords in hand, the Tide rebounded from its loss to Mississippi State by forcing LSU 28. It was the Tide's 62nd straight on-campus victory, an NCAA record. Ken Coley, starting at quarterback for the first time, raced 35 yards for a score on Alabama's first possession. A pair of three-yard runs by Major Ogilvie accounted for two more touchdowns.

Clemson had the record-setter, but North

Carolina came up with the victory in an ACC game. Dred Ann established an NCAA career mark by increasing his field-goal total to 58 with a pair of three-pointers. Other mainstays in the Tiger offense were Homer Jordan, who passed for 207 yards, and Chuck McSwain, who rushed for 116. But Clemson lost fumbles at the Tar Heel 14, 15 and 30 and wound up a 24-19 loser. Kelvin Bryant of North Carolina ran for 138 yards and a touchdown, and his sidekick, Amos Lawrence, added 112 yards and two TDs to build a 24-6 lead.

Another player who set a record and lost was freshman Quarterback Ben Bennett of Duke. Bennett passed for an ACC-record 469 yards as he completed 38 of 62 attempts. Quarterback Jay Venato helped Wake Forest beat the Blue Devils 27-24 by connecting on 23 of 50 passes for 291 yards. Rutgers beat Virginia 19-17 on a 41-yard field goal by Alex Falconetti with 33 seconds left.

Bill Capece of Florida State was one record-breaker who played for a winner. By kicking four PATs and a field goal, Capece raised his season's point total to 99, an NCAA mark for a kicker. Virginia Tech led the Seminoles 7-0, but then was stung for two touchdowns in 51 seconds and lost 31-7. The first came on a 45-yard pass from Rick Stockstill to Hardin Johnson on a fourth-down gamble. And then, after the recovery of a Tech fumble, the same twosome clicked on an 11-yarder.

In a matchup between the top two rushers in the country—No. 1 Stump Mitchell of The Citadel and No. 2 George Rogers of South Carolina—Rogers came out the winner. He rushed for 179 yards to improve his per-game average to 159.6 yards, best in the nation. Mitchell's 146 yards dropped him to third, with a 156.7 average. Moving up to second was Southern Cal's Marcus Allen with a 159.4 average. Oh yes, the Gamecocks won 45-24.

Joe Delaney also strutted his stuff, running for 231 yards and the winning touchdown in Northwestern State of Louisiana's downed Nicholls State 21-14. Delaney, who has rushed for 484 yards in his last two games, amassed 669 yards against Nicholls during the past three seasons.

GEORGIA(9-0)

ALABAMA(8-1) FLORIDA STATE(2-1)

MIDWEST "They told me to throw a couple times and get the record," explained Purdue's Mark Herrmann, who had been informed that he needed only five yards to set the Big Ten single-game record for passing yardage. So Herrmann stayed in for a few more downs as the third quarter against Iowa and threw three times, hitting twice for nine yards each and his third touchdown during a 58-13 romp. For the day, Herrmann completed 26 of 34 for 439 yards and cracked the NCAA record for career attempts by increasing his total to

1,161. Dave Young of the Boilermakers became the conference's all-time reception leader, lifting his total to 163 as he grabbed eight passes for 143 yards and two TDs.

As impressive as Herrmann was, Dave Wilson of Illinois easily outgained him. Wilson, a junior-college transfer who had to survive a series of court battles to establish his eligibility this season, passed for 621 yards, an NCAA record. By getting five of his six touchdowns in the second half, he led the Illini to a near upset of Ohio State, but the Buckeyes held on to win 49-42. Art Schlichter made them winners and ended his 17-for-21 day with 284 yards and four TDs. Turnovers played a big role: Wilson was intercepted three times and Illinois lost four fumbles. Ohio State erred just once and has had only 12 miscues in nine games.

Judging from the way fans were cheering in Madison, one would have thought Wisconsin was upsetting Michigan. No way. The crowd sent up its biggest din when the Wolverines had a fourth-and-one on the Badger four late in the third period. The noise was so loud that Michigan Quarterback John Wampler's signals couldn't be heard. Seven times this happened. After the first two, the crowd was warned. The next three times, Wisconsin was assessed time-outs. And the next two times, the Badgers were penalized, moving the ball to the two-yard line and then the one. When the roar subsided a few decibels, Butch Woolfolk barreled into the end zone to give the Wolverines a 17-0 lead. Michigan, which won 24-0, has outscored Wisconsin 176-0 the past four years, hardly giving Badger fans much to cheer about.

Minnesota crumpled Indiana's bowl hopes with a 31-7 setback in which Garry White rumbled for 145 yards and two touchdowns. Four scoring runs, one a 64-yarder, were part of a 229-yard effort by Steve Smith of Michigan State, which beat Northwestern 42-10.

"The first three quarters produced the most consistent, errorless ball we've played all year," Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne said. No kidding. Tom. At the end of three periods the Huskers led Kansas State 48-0. About the only bright spot for the Wildcats, who lost 55-8, was a school-record 93-yard punt by Don Birdsey. Other than that, all the big numbers belonged to the Huskers: Roger Craig ripped off 183 yards on nine carries as Nebraska ran for 495 yards, and Jeff Quinn passed for 153 yards and three TDs.

Oklahoma continued to share first place with Nebraska after huffing and puffing past Kansas 21-19. Although freshman sensation Kerwin Bell was out with an injured leg, the Jayhawks got some help from his 60-lbs. Garfield Taylor gained 100 yards and Walter Mock 52. It was Taylor's 13-yard touchdown run that concluded the scoring with 8:40 to go. Scoring runs of 22 yards by J.C. Watts and of two and 10 yards by David Dyerstreet had given the Sooners a 21-6 advantage—

continued

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and two interceptions by Orlando Flanagan helped them stay in front.

Mizzou also had to hang on for a victory, 14-10 over Iowa State. Tim Copeland scored the only Cyclone touchdown when he recovered teammate Dwayne Crutchfield's fumble on the one-yard line and stepped into the end zone. Missouri's James Wilder, who rushed for 111 yards, banged over from one yard out to give Missouri a 14-7 halftime lead. In the fourth quarter, after Iowa State pulled to within 14-10, the Tigers dug in. With slightly more than five minutes left and Iowa State with a second-and-8 on the Missouri 26, Crutchfield, who picked up 164 yards, was nailed for a one-yard loss. On the next two plays, John Quinn was sacked for a nine-yard loss and then overthrew a receiver.

"We've got a showdown in Kalamazoo," Central Michigan Coach Herb Deromedi said of this week's game at Western Michigan for the Mid-American title. Miami's 34-24 upset of Western, coupled with Central's 32-10 victory over Bowling Green, set up the big finale. Two touchdowns and 124 yards rushing by Kaiser Helman enabled Miami to pull off its surprise. Central, which trailed 10-0, rallied on three TD passes by Kevin Norbup.

Eastern Illinois, No. 1 in Division II, was a 14-9 winner over Northern Iowa, while second-ranked Northern Michigan polished off Akron 38-10.

NEBRASKA(8-1)

NOTRE DAME(7-0-1) OHIO STATE(8-1)

EAST Pittsburgh and Navy were sluggish during the early going, and Penn State had a mid-game letdown, but all three won. The Panthers, who set up a Louisville touchdown by fumbling the ball at their own six, fell behind 9-0 in the second period before taking charge. Touchdown passes of 27 and 67 yards from Rick Troceno to Dwight Collins came in a flurry of Pitt scoring—20 points in the second quarter, 21 in the third—they led to a 41-23 win. In all, Troceno connected on half of his 22 throws for 231 yards.

Two interceptions by Eliott Reagans of Navy stymied Syracuse, and Russ Spitz of the Orangemen stopped a pair of Middle drives by recovering fumbles. All the scoring in this 6-3 game came on field goals. Gary Anderson gutting the Orange in front with a 32-yarder and Steve Fehr of Navy booting three-pointers of 31 and 30 yards, the clincher coming early in the last period.

"We made enough yards to win two games and enough mistakes to lose three," Penn State Coach Joe Paterno said as he analyzed a 21-13 triumph over North Carolina State. The Nittany Lions seemed to be on their way to a most, racing ahead 14-0 on their first two possessions as Booker Moore slammed over from three yards out and Kenney Jackson hauled in a 39-yard TD pass from Todd Blackledge. But the Wolfpack retaliated on

Tol Avery's three-yard run and two field goals by Nathan Ritter to make it 14-13. Seating Penn State's victory was a 79-yard march, which Blackledge culminated by passing 10 yards to Brad Scovill. Altogether, the Nittany Lions amassed 471 yards in total offense, 151 of them on 12 carries by Joel Coles.

Zip Zap Just like that, West Virginia broke open a tight game at Temple when Cedric Thomas caught two touchdown passes from Oliver Luck within 11 seconds in the third period. After Thomas had grabbed an 11-yard scoring loss, the Mountaineers fell on an Owl fumble on the ensuing kickoff and Luck hit Thomas with a 19-yard pass. Altogether, Luck had four TD throws as West Virginia went on to win 41-28.

Army snapped a three-game losing streak by shooting down Air Force 47-24. Two scoring passes by freshman Bryan Allen and touchdown runs of four and 50 yards by sophomore Jerry Walker kept the Cadets rolling.

Even though Cornell led 7-0, its chances of winning at Yale appeared to go down the tubes when Quarterback Mike Ryan left the game in the second quarter with a banged-up shoulder. Taking Ryan's place was Andy Schaefer, a senior who had never played a down of varsity ball. Schaefer, however, quickly guided the Big Red to a pair of touchdowns—the second of which he scored on a four-yard run—and a 21-0 halftime lead. Cornell went on to hand the Bulldogs their first Ivy League loss, 24-6. Nonetheless, Yale held a one-game edge over five teams tied for second place. Dartmouth clobbered Columbia 48-0 in the only other league game.

Lehigh and Boston University, which were rated second and fourth, respectively, in Division I-AA, knocked off Yankee Conference opponents. The independent Engineers beat Rhode Island 23-10, and the Terriers took the Yankee title with a 28-24 triumph at Connecticut after trailing 17-0 at the half.

Three teams among Division III's Top 10 were victors. No. 1 Ithaca finished its regular season 10-0 by defeating Cortland State 24-7. Also 10-0 was No. 2 Widener, the division's most prolific point producer (44 per game), which beat Lebanon Valley 42-15. No. 10 Bethany (W. Va.) blanked Oberlin 27-0.

PITTSBURGH

PENN STATE(8-1) NAVY(6-3)

SOUTHWEST There's nothing like a stunning loss to bring one down to earth—unless it's two unforfeitable losses. Still gnawing at the Baylor Bears were two such downfalls: the previous week's 30-22 upset by San Jose State and last year's game at Arkansas, in which Baylor had led 17-0 in the third quarter only to go down 29-20. There would be no such comeback last week, as the Bees drubbed the Hogs 42-15. Baylor led 28-7 at the half, by which time it had built a 15-2 edge in

first downs and a 270-32 bulge in total yardage. The good-news Bears' relentless attack was triggered by Walter Abercrombie, who rushed for 128 yards and three touchdowns. Baylor's victory, which assured it of no worse than a tie for the SWC championship, was its first at home against Arkansas since 1963, and its 42 points were the most it had scored against the Hogs since 1922.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Dave Wilson of Illinois set an NCAA mark by passing for 621 yards and had a Big Ten-record six TDs during a 49-42 loss to Ohio State. He also equaled NCAA records with 43 completions in 69 attempts.

DEFENSE: Mark Sheffield, a 6'1", 192-pound sophomore strong safety, helped Georgia Tech hold Notre Dame to a 3-3 deadlock as he made 10 tackles, recovered a fumble, intercepted one pass and deflected another.

Texas Christian came through with a hard-to-forget victory, its first of the season. Vinting Texas Tech led 17-0 early in the fourth period, but the Frogs wouldn't crouch. Steve Stamp of TCU began the comeback by teaming with Stanley Washington on a 33-yard scoring pass. Bobby Stewart then hauled in a 25-yarder from Stamp, and Greg Porter tied the score with a 43-yard field goal. Then, less than two minutes from the end, came the clincher, Washington fighting off one defender to grab a pass from Stamp at the Red Raider 20 and reaping the clutches of another as he dashed into the end zone. That 82-yard play gave TCU an astonishing 24-17 win.

Terry Elton, who came off the bench to win four games for Houston last season, put on another dazzling performance at Texas. With 5:14 left and the Longhorns up 15-7, Elton, who had missed five games because of a wrist injury, went in and completed three passes for 49 yards. Lenell Phea made an eye-popping catch on the third throw, tipping a nine-yard pass some 10 feet in the air and catching it while on his back in the end zone. Texas 15, Houston 13. The Cougars were for a two-point conversion, but Elton's on-the-money throw to a wide-open receiver was dropped, and the Longhorns made the margin stand up. Three field goals by John Goodson and a resolute defense enabled Texas to end its two-game losing streak. Southern Methodist accumulated 417 yards of total offense while whipping out Rice 34-14. Lance McIlhenny, the Mustangs' freshman quarterback, who heretofore had a reputation only as a ball-carrier, passed for three touchdowns. Doug much of the legwork this time was sophomore Eric Dickerson, who ran for 147 yards

BAYLOR(8-1)

SMU(7-2) TEXAS(8-2)

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As the witching hour nears, the Southwest Limited is winding through the black, desolate canyons of the Sierra Nevadas. In the darkened club car, the shadowy tableau suggests an Agatha Christie thriller in the making: a bartender nodding off in the corner, a bearded man fidgeting like an assassin on the lam; an elderly gent with the frozen smile of a kindly grandfather—or a mad bomber; and a blonde in a slouch hat who could pass for the young Ingrid Bergman on a spy mission. A forbidding night full of mystery and dark portent.

Suddenly, the door of the club car hisses open. The clackety-clack of the rails is heard, a chill gust sweeps through the car and there, looming in the doorway like an ax murderer, is a giant, hulking figure that lumbers forward and collapses into a seat. The bartender, adjusting his white jacket, approaches. "A Lite beer from Miller," says the incredible hulk.

As the bartender turns, the hulk stops him with a low growl: "Did you know that Lite beer has a third less calories than your regular beer?" The bartender nods nervously, then jumps as the hulk slams his huge fist down on the table. "And that Lite beer tastes fantastic and doesn't fill me up?"

Leaping to his feet, the hulk waves his arms wildly. "There are a lot of other beers out there," he roars. "But for my money I say why buy anything else!"

Terrified, the bartender backs off. Then, ever so slowly, his expression changes from disbelief to a knowing grin. "If I didn't know better," he says, "I'd say you were that coach fella, John Madden, the one who does those beer commercials on TV. But that's impossible, right?"

"Right," says the hulk, slumping back into his seat, subdued now. "What would John Madden be doing on a train?"

Creating a little mischief, as usual. For the past three months, in fact, the former coach of the Oakland Raiders has been riding trains across the length and breadth of the land, covering NFL games for CBS-TV and delivering impromptu versions of his famous commercials at the first pop of a six-pack. Last month alone, Madden logged more than 20,000

rail miles, including one 21-day trek through more cities and landscapes than most Americans see in a lifetime. Recently, after a brief sojourn at his ranch home in Pleasanton, Calif., the persipetetic Madden was off again.

WEDNESDAY: Up at 6 a.m., Madden says goodbye to his sons, Michael, 17, and Joey, 15, and drives to the Oakland train station with his wife, Virginia. He boards the Coast Starlight and, like a soldier off to a far-flung war, says grandly, "So long, I don't know when I'll be back."

Madden arrives in Los Angeles at 7:20 p.m. Enthroned like a maharaja on a baggage cart, he is driven to the boarding platform of the Southwest Limited

for a journey to Kansas City and a game between the Chiefs and the Detroit Lions. Ducking into the dining car, Madden greets a "writer-type person" and immediately tells him to ditch the jacket and tie in favor of Madden's "Amtrak away uniform": polo shirt, corduroys and sneakers.

The writer type has one question: Why the train? "I have this phobia about being locked up in plane cabins," Madden explains. "I was able to suppress it when I was with the Raiders because we always flew charter and I was able to walk around a lot. But when I started flying commercial last year, the feeling of panic got to be unbearable."

continued

Clear the tracks for Big John

Fear of flying has put the one-man show of ex-coach John Madden on the rails



As fellow passengers have learned, Madden's TV beer commercials are hardly an act

Claustrophobia? "I think so; I'm not too crazy about elevators or going through tunnels, either. Finally, it got so bad on a one-stop flight from Tampa to San Francisco last year that I got off in Houston, checked into a motel and took a train out the next day. I loved it so much I haven't been on a plane since."

A passing waiter, putting a case of Lite beer he is hauling to the refrigerator, winks at Madden. "I'm not a big drinker," Madden says, "but Lite sales do go up when I'm around."

Later, while autographing beer cans in the club car, Madden allows there is no escaping the recognition. "There aren't too many big fat redheaded guys around like me. But you meet some great people on trains, and I enjoy talking football with them because it gives me a chance to find out what people want to hear from an announcer. I know one phrase they won't hear from me—'skill positions.' What are the poor slobs who block? Unskilled?"

Madden, off for his customary stroll through the train before retiring, muses, "I've always wanted to slow down and, like Steinbeck says in *Travels With Charley*, 'get to see and know our land.' And now I'm doing it. There isn't a train I wouldn't take. No matter where it's going."

THURSDAY: Madden spends the morning in his bedroom binging up on his game research. "With no phones or other distractions," he says, "I get a lot more done on the train than at home." At lunch he orders a hamburger and, in deference to an "Antrak diet" that has trimmed 50 pounds off his 6' 4" frame, cottage cheese. "I weigh 240 now and can pour on as much of this Tabasco sauce as I want," he says, alluding to the bleeding ulcer that caused him to retire from coaching in 1978 with one Super Bowl title, a 103-32-7 record and a .763 winning percentage that is unmatched by any coach with 10 or more seasons in the NFL.

When not bopping off to buy newspapers or do stretching exercises in some desert way-stop, Madden speaks glowingly about the romance of the rails, about seeing the Great Salt Flats illuminated by lightning, collecting recipes for red beans and rice from Mexican passengers, holding a portable radio to the window to pick up NFL Monday night games. Listening to railroad buffs discussing the new 150-mph turbofans, he nervously asks, "They don't leave the track, do they?"

As Madden predicted, passengers who were strangers a few hundred miles back are now chummy addressing one another by their first names. The assassin turns out to be a Santa Fe brakeman, who proudly poses for a snapshot with "Big John." The mad bomber is a square-dance caller who, prodded by a foot-stomping, hand-clapping Madden, lets loose with a mean do-si-do spiel. And Ingrid the spy is an aspiring rock singer who doubles as scorekeeper for the parlor games Madden is fond of organizing.

At one point, while watching the surging rivers and painted mesas slipping by, Madden says happily, "I don't know what state we're in, what time it is, or even what day it is. Give me a train any day."

Late that night, to demonstrate the freedom of train travel, Madden gets off in La Junta, Colo., strides into a dim, cowpoke saloon hard by the tracks and orders the inevitable. "You know," he all

but shouts at the bartender, "I'm not the same crazy coach who used to roam the sidelines." Boom! He slams his fist on the bar. "I've learned to relax!" The bartender, reaching under the bar as if to pick up a club or possibly a shotgun, does a double take and points at the TV screen. With one mighty quaff, Madden finishes his beer and disappears into the night, leaving the bartender still pointing.

FRIDAY: Looking as rumpled as a mail sack, Madden detains in Kansas City at 7:20 a.m. "Isn't this great?" he exclaims. "It's just like camping out."

While Madden is checking in at the Hyatt Regency, someone on an upper balcony shouts, "Hey, Miller Lite!" Without looking up, Madden startles the receptionist by bellowing back, "Everything you've always wanted in a beer and less!" Then he sprawls out on a nearby sofa for an hour or so of "lobbying," watching the flow of guests with the discerning eye of a house dick. Inspired, he jumps up and does an elaborate imitation of the "suit types" rushing to make their planes, muttering "What time's your flight?" and "Had your Bloody Mary yet?"

All the Madden moves are in evidence: the point, a wagging, accusatory jab; the touchdown, a rapid pumping of both hands overhead; the explosion, a smashing of right fist into left palm; the boogie, a series of uppercuts with fingers wiggling and hips swaying; and the double sweep, a backward swing with both arms that has been known to fell potted palms and an occasional passerby. Madden pleads, "I'm just an emotional guy who likes to talk with his hands, that's all."

Later, while discussing the intricacies of third-down-and-short situations in a Polynesian restaurant, Madden is on his feet again, inadvertently swatting the Chinese lanterns hanging overhead. "When you see an official jump into a pileup and he's doing this," he says, flapping his arms like an enraged stork, "it means 'I don't know what happened.' That's when another guy in a striped shirt runs out to spot the ball. If he does it with his left foot, you miss the first down by inches. If he uses his right, you make it. It's the left-footers that give you ulcers."

Looking on, CBS producer Jim Silman says admiringly, "John has added a new dimension to broadcasting. He bridges the gap between the too-technical and the too-entertaining."



Madden's exuberance in jobbers knows no out-of-bounds.



Would Madden tell Hank Stram there was a rat in his dressing room? You're darn right!

Madden's play-by-play partner, Gary Bender, allows that he half believes Madden's theory that every man is born to wear a certain number. "Take Art Still, the Chiefs' defensive end," Madden says. "He's too tall to be a 67. Put an 83 on him and he'll be All-Pro. I'm a 74, slow but dedicated."

Madden and Bender spend the rest of the afternoon watching a Chiefs workout, interviewing coaches and studying films. Then, after persuading Art Still to put in for a new number, Madden roams Arrowhead Stadium for impressions he can weave into his game commentary. "These locker rooms are too pretty," he decrees. "They need some dirty socks and old jocks thrown around. Guys get in here and they don't want to go out on the field. Don't laugh. The Chiefs used to be tough in their old run-down stadium. Then they moved here in 1972 and haven't been in the playoffs since."

One of the players huddling around Madden says that the Raiders have the worst visitors' locker room in the league. "Yeah, we planned it that way," Madden says. "Once, when they hired some exterminators for the rats that live in there, I told them, 'Don't get rid of 'em, feed 'em.' Then I tell Hank Stram not to worry about the rats, which he will, of course,

"What's this?" Madden says, kicking a box of Hershey bars the Lions have ordered for halftime. "Hell, all we used to do was smoke and drink coffee. And when we heard Biletnikoff throwing up, we knew it was time to go out on the field again."

Gesturing at the "motivational slogans" on the walls, Madden adds, "I never believed in pep talks. Once, though, in desperation, I invented an inspirational saying that made absolutely no sense—'Don't worry about the horse being blind, just load up the wagon!'—and the amazing thing was that John Manuszak understood it."

SUNDAY: Madden arrives at the stadium three hours before kickoff. Passing a cheerleader, he says, "They're taking over the game. They've got locker rooms, draft choices and everything. Mary Sue there most probably went in the first round. Good hands."

As game time nears, Madden chats on his headset with CBS director Bob Fishman about the possibility of getting a shot of the luxurious glassed-in box belonging to Lamar Hunt, the Chiefs' owner. Madden explains that he would like to work in a line about how Lamar's 4-year-old son is learning how to count: "One million, two million. . ."

Madden checks the Chiefs' lineup and recoils at the name of Frank Manumaleuga, the Samoan linebacker. "That guy's never going to get a mention unless he changes his name," Madden says. "No way I can pronounce that."

When the cameras go on, Bender fluidly sets the scene and Madden adds, "I led the league in boos here." Then, stripping off his jacket and standing up, Madden delivers his commentary while doing the boogie and double sweep with such verve that he periodically knocks over his chair, spills coffee and becomes entangled in the cords of his headset. Somehow, with Bender instinctively ducking under Madden's jabs and roundhouse swipes, the pair melds in a dialogue that is lively, insightful and wry. When Bender notes that the Lions' Billy Sims looks tired, Madden adds, "Yes, but it's a good tired, the kind that allows him to lose his anxiety and run on pure instinct."

After a clipping penalty, Madden says, "I always told my guys if you can read the names on their backs, don't block them because it'll be a clip." Bender: "You mean all of your players could read?" Madden: "Well, later I changed that and said they shouldn't block if they could see the names."

Madden's most compelling asset as an analyst is that he communicates his excitement. This is especially evident when, with the score tied 10-10 going into the final quarter, he begins pointing out individual accomplishments by enthusiastically adding sound effects—boom! wham!—and pawing and poking the images of the players on the TV monitor in front of him. Up to a point. After one spectacular tackle by Manumaleuga, Bender slyly asks Madden if he saw who made the play. "Frank," he says.

MONDAY: It is past midnight and a steady rain is falling as Madden drags through the deserted Kansas City station en route to his next game in Seattle. Out on the platform, he stands in the rain long enough to tell the writer type, "On second thought, you may be a No. 6 moving up to a 98, a training-camp walk-on who surprises people. Keep trying."

Madden disappears into the club car and, as the train lurches and begins to roll, he can be seen through the steamy windows, wildly waving his arms at the bartender. The roar is muffled but still audible: "Lite beer from Miller! Tastes fantastic! Less filling!"

END

On the wall outside the entrance to Ted Stepien's Competitors' Club restaurant in downtown Cleveland, there is a sign that, Stepien says, pretty much sums up his philosophy of life: DEDICATED TO THE INDOMITABLE ONES WHO FIGHT FOR THEIR CAUSE AND NEVER GIVE UP.

Indomitable is the word for Stepien, who took a flier on a fledgling advertising company in 1947 and transformed it into a \$172 million multinational business. Indomitable spirit, stick-to-itiveness and lots of money are just what Stepien needs to see him through his latest project, ownership of the Cleveland Cavaliers. After assuming control of the team last June, Stepien, 55, promised the people of Cleveland an immediate improvement over last year's dismal Cavs. A fun, exciting team and a berth in this season's play-

offs would be a nice start, Stepien said. Oops. At the end of last week Stepien had a fifth-place team with a seven-game losing streak and a 4-13 record. But it isn't the failures on the court that are drawing the most attention. A series of controversial and, to outsiders, ludicrously one-sided player deals finally persuaded NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien to halt any further trades and order an investigation of the team's operation.

Chaos is hardly a stranger to the Cavaliers, but recent months in Cleveland have been truly bizarre. Stepien is the fourth person to own the team since last February, and the franchise's credibility was so poor that no bank would lend it money until Stepien kicked in \$2 million of his own. He spent \$5,000 for a new team fight song, a polka (he's

Cleveland must be approved by Axelson for what could turn out to be the rest of the season. And until his study is finished, Axelson says, "They couldn't trade their 11th man for Kareem Abdul-Jabbar."

When Stepien and Musselman were running the team by themselves, the Cavaliers made five major transactions. On Sept. 24 they obtained Guard Roger Phegley, a two-year pro with a 9.0-point career average, from New Jersey for Guard Fots Walker (six years, 7.2 points). The next day Forward Campy Russell (six years, 16.2 points) was sent to New York in a three-way deal with Kansas City in which the Cavs received Forward Bill Robinson (five years, 10.7 points). The next day Forward Campy Russell (six years, 16.2 points) was sent to New York in a three-way deal with Kansas City in which the Cavs received Forward Bill Robinson (five years, 10.7 points). On Sept. 16 the Cavaliers traded their first-round draft choice in 1984 to Dallas for Guard Mike Bratz (three years, 7.1 points). The NBA entered the picture after a pair of deals made two weeks ago. On Oct. 30, Robinson and the Cavs' No. 1 choices for 1983 (obtained earlier from Atlanta) and '86 were dealt to Dallas for Richard Washington (four years, 10.1 points, 6.6 rebounds) and Jerome Whitehead (two years, 2.0 points, 2.0 rebounds). The next day, Center Dave Robisch (nine years, 12.4 points, 7.28 rebounds) was sent packing to Denver for Forward/Center Kim Hughes (five years, 4.0 points, 5.7 rebounds) and two 1981 second-round draft choices and a second-round choice in 1981 if it is higher than No. 12.

The latter transaction, which finally triggered O'Brien's intervention, is also interesting because it was made over the objections of Larry Cregg, Cleveland's director of player personnel. Don Delaney, the team's general manager, also opposed it, but he was afraid to say so. Although a lot of other people around the league didn't like what they saw happening either, Dallas loved it. By combining their own likely high draft picks with Cleveland's, the Mavericks could soon become a much stronger club than the Cavaliers, who have only one first-round pick between now and 1987.

The record doesn't show it yet, and few would agree with him, but Musselman believes the trades can make the Cavs competitive immediately. "After 10

continued

O.K., who's in charge here?



Owner Stepien has time to sign autographs now.

A series of questionable player deals by the Cleveland Cavaliers has brought the NBA in to monitor the club's operations

Polish), and supervised the selection of 33 dancers, the "Teddy-Bears," who appear at each home game. The best move he may have made was hiring tough-minded Bill Musselman as his coach, replacing Stan Albeck, who had taken off for San Antonio.

Despite the changes, however, the Cavaliers could conceivably fall to the level of the bluddiest bad-news teams of the past. (Remember John Warren's wrong-way basket against Portland in 1970?) O'Brien's actions fit right in with the Cavs' extraordinary history. According to a league spokesman, O'Brien "felt concern about the frequency of trades by the Cavaliers." The moratorium will last until Joe Axelson, the NBA's director of operations, conducts an investigation covering "a number of operational matters." Any player transaction planned by



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games I looked at our club to evaluate it and I saw us getting beat up underneath," he says. "[Mike] Mitchell is six-six, Robinson is six-seven, and Robisch is six-seven. Teams were posting us all game long. We had no kind of a shot-blocking threat on defense. Hughes had 12 last year; we had one guy who got seven. I'm not saying Hughes and Washington are great players, but neither was what we gave up. I know what roles I want filled on our club, and they can do it."

If the numbers Musselman quotes are indicative of his knowledge of the team, then Cleveland's problems may be even worse than people imagined. According to the Cavaliers' media guide, Mitchell is 6' 7½", and Robisch is 6' 10". Also, Hughes had 77 blocks with Denver last season and a single-game high of five. Mitchell also had 77 and was one of six who attained the Cavs' single-game high of four. However, Musselman is correct when he says that the players he obtained are by no means great. Hughes was sidelined with an injured right knee when Denver let him go, and after arriving in Cleveland he asked Musselman incredulously, "Why did you get me?" Washington had been on the verge of being released in Dallas until he finally began to show improvement. Whitehead would have been released but he held on long enough to be traded, and now Cleveland is expected to release him soon.

A rival Eastern Conference general manager says, "They overestimated the talent of the people they brought in. I understand Musselman likes big, physical people. They'll be impressive walking through airports, but they won't play well."

While NBA front offices were expressing dismay at the apparent pillaging of the Cleveland franchise, rival teams also tried to ensure that they got theirs. Says the same Eastern Conference general manager, "The vultures were circling. Every club in the league was saying—I was saying—'What can we cook up with them?' To discourage such carnivorous thinking, the NBA stepped in. If there is a precedent for O'Brien's actions, it was Bowie Kuhn's thumbs-down on the sale of Oakland's Vada Blue, Joe Rudi and Rollie Fingers to New York and Boston in 1976. Kuhn acted to prevent a pre-free-agent re-entry draft fire sale by Charlie Finley. "But that was only stopping a few deals," says the G.M. "This is like running the entire operation."

"I can see why O'Brien did it," says a Western Conference general manager. "Their one remaining asset was Mitchell, and he was probably concerned about something happening to him." Adds another front-office type, "I can control my own franchise, but I can't do that for anyone else, and on a league level things reflect on us and have a bearing on our success. I think O'Brien had a right to step in." Stepien says that no more deals were planned, and he is very unhappy with O'Brien's involvement, even though the commissioner's directive stated that Stepien was in accord with the action. "Maybe I should give him a call and ask him to give me some advice on how to run my advertising business," Stepien says. "When we talked, he guaranteed me complete confidence and secrecy. I don't appreciate his coming out with statements saying what he's going to do. Who's to say what's good or bad in a trade? Robisch was a stiff. I'm laughing in Denver."

Stepien is a self-described fighter who admires that quality in others. He once said he wouldn't mind having Billy Martin as his coach. He settled for Musselman, who's a tough cookie in his own right. When discussing the situation, Musselman's voice rises and his ice-blue eyes glaze over in anger. "People are acting like we traded away superstars for nothing," he says. "Were those deals so lopsided that we deserve this criticism? We got back what we gave up. And about the draft choices, where was the NBA when Stepien and I got here and didn't have a first-round choice of our own until 1983? We're trying to win today. No, Kim Hughes isn't a great player, but he's going to fit our needs."

Hughes, who had 66 steals coming off the bench last year, along with those blocked shots, could help the Cavaliers if he could boost those numbers in proportion to an increase in playing time. If so, Washington could move from reserve center to starting forward, where his outside shooting might take some pressure off Mitchell, as well as Guard Randy Smith. The pair are presently Cleveland's only scoring threats and are Nos. 1 and 3 in the league in minutes



Washington came from Dallas in one of the odder deals

played. Both are having excellent seasons (Mitchell is in the top 10 in the league in scoring with 24.2 points per game. Smith is averaging 18.5), but having to play so much, they tend to tire in the fourth quarter. To their credit, they seem unaffected by the swirl of events around them. "It's pretty wild what's going on," says Mitchell, "but you just have to keep your head."

While the latest group of Cavaliers is getting acquainted, the team is playing erratically. In a 111-106 loss to Kansas City last Saturday night, Mitchell scored 34 points but didn't see the ball in the final two minutes. "It seems like there should be designated shooters in the last two minutes, but right now everyone wants to take the shot instead of the right people," he lamented.

Musselman, on the other hand, saw the game as a sign that his team was finally beginning to come together. "We had a shot at that game tonight. We've had shots at all but one of the last six," he said. "We're damn competitive, and I know we're not that far away from winning. I know it."

If they are, the rest of the league will be shocked.

END

Le numéro vingt... "the public-address announcer said, pausing a beat for silence, "Anton Stastny!"

Cheers. Yes, those were actually cheers Anton was hearing. Not just little wee ones, either—a great thunderous ovation. He skated to join his teammates at the blue line, head down, drinking it in. Eleven thousand people—foreign people who spoke a strange language—clapping and whistling in a building where he had never played a game. Not quite the sort of exhibition he had grown accustomed to in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, his home for 21 years, where he and his brothers could excite a crowd into song—but sweet all the same. You are home now, they were saying. You are one of us. A moment later, *le numéro vingt-six*—Peter Stastny, the better known of the brothers—received much the same loud welcome.

The two of them stood with their Quebec Nordiques teammates and gently tapped their sticks on the ice to acknowledge the applause. And 15 minutes later Peter scored his first goal in the Colisée in Quebec City, lifting the puck over Vancouver Goalender Richard Brodeur, in a game destined to finish in a 3-3 tie. This was in late October.

It had been a long time between cheers. The Nordiques played their first nine games on the road, while their arena was being enlarged and renovated. The Stastnys had played their last game for the Czechoslovak National Team on the road in August in Innsbruck, Austria, on a line with their brother Marian—before defecting to Canada, to the Nordiques, to the NHL. They had played in their last home game sometime last spring, as members of the Slovak Bratislava team. Anton doesn't remember if they won or lost.

While Anton and Peter now play in the NHL, Marian has been suspended from Slovak Bratislava. At 27 he was the team leader, a player in his prime. He had been a star on the Czechoslovakian world-championship teams of 1976-77. He was a hero. Now he cannot find



Peter and Anton Stastny, starting the rest of their lives.

Don't call us, we'll call you

Two Czech stars got on the phone to Quebec, and came in from the cold

work—and he is a father with three children. "They do black things, very black things to make us go back," Anton says. "This is one of them."

The flight of Anton, 21, and Peter, 24, took place in August, when the Nordiques were contacted by the Stastnys and then helped them defect to Canada. But the story really begins in June of 1976, when one Gilles Léger traveled to Lonsau, West Germany to scout Marian and Peter.

Léger is a suspicious-looking character. He has thick lips that are wrapped around a cigar from morning till night. His sad eyes are concealed behind tinted glasses, and his hairstyle might be called lawn-mower slag. It hangs in uneven lengths straight down over his forehead. He wears a trench coat.

In 1974 Léger, then the director of scouting for the WHA's Toronto Toros, had overseen the defection to Canada of Czech star Vaclav Nedomansky. Now he wanted the Stastnys—all three of them—for the WHA's Birmingham Bulls, the former Toronto Toros. Unfortunately for Léger, the brothers were a national treasure. What did they need with a floundering league and a Birmingham, Alabama? What is that, an Alabama?

As Peter says, the '70s were "the golden age of hockey in Czechoslovakia." In 1972 that country won the world championship. In 1976, Peter's first year with the National Team, it did so again, defeating the Soviets. The Czechoslovaks also won a silver medal at the '76 Olympics and finished second to the professionals of Canada—Bobby Orr, Bobby Hull, et al.—in the '76 Canada Cup. When Czechoslovakia won the world championship again in 1977, Marian and Peter Stastny were lionized. What could Léger offer them? The next year their younger brother Anton would join them on the National Team and would play on their line. They had apartments, it took others three or four years to get one. They had cars. They had money: 1,000 korunas (a bit more than \$100, a Czech workman's wages for a week and a half) for a win, half that for a tie—sometimes more, sometimes less, depending on the opposition. A win over the Soviets was worth 1,800 korunas.

By 1979 the WHA and NHL had merged, the Birmingham club was defunct and Léger was out of a job. Enter Marcel Aubut, the young, portly, ambitious president of the Nordiques. His team had been plundered by the terms of the merger, and he didn't fancy grov-

continued

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The European style of both Anton (20) and Peter has been frustrated in the shoot-and-snap NHL.

HOCKEY continued

elling in the NHL cellar for the years it would take to rebuild via the draft. "The people in Quebec are not so patient," Aubut says. He, too, had been trying to get the Stastnys, and one of the first people he hired following the merger was Gilles Léger, whom he named director of personnel development. He also placed Léger in charge of what was called

"The European Project"—the Stastnys.

Things had started to sour for the brothers around that time. They would never have left their homeland just for the money, but they did not leave seeking "freedom" or "democracy" either. The Stastnys defected, they say, because they didn't like the way the Czech hockey program was being run. They didn't like the coach.

Czechoslovakia has a hockey league similar to the Soviet Union's. There are 12 teams in the first division, and the winner of the division is the national champion. The National Team is something else, an all-star outfit consisting of the cream of the division. But for a team to win a national championship is something special. That is for the town. Czechoslovakia is a country of two languages, two cultures. The Czechs and the Slovaks are as distinct from one another as the Flemish and Walloons in Belgium. Do not, if you please, refer to Peter or Anton Stastny as Czechs. They are Slovaks. And Slovan Bratislava was the first Slovak team to win the national championship in what amounts to Czechoslovakia's national sport.

To say it meant a lot to the Stastnys is to understate the case. Peter ranks it higher on his list of thrills than his two world championships. "My first time on National Team, we won world teetle. Second time, we won second world teetle. But the Czechoslovak teetle cost me seven years. Much pain."

Then, in short order, mysterious trades destroyed the competitiveness of Slovan Bratislava, and even the National Team went into a decline. Peter was the second leading scorer at the Lake Placid Olympics, but his team failed to win a medal, for the first time since 1960.

Léger and the Nordiques had hoped to make their move on the three Stastnys at Lake Placid, which is only a short drive from Quebec. Léger had a room in town, a rented cabin in the woods and a vehicle with a pass to drive everywhere but inside the Olympic Village itself. However, security was such that he was never able to make direct contact with the Stastnys.

Months passed with nothing accomplished. Then, on the evening of Thursday, August 21, Peter Stastny went to

the post office in Innsbruck, where the National Team was to play Finland and the Soviet Union, waited an hour to place the call, then phoned Léger at the Nordiques' office in Quebec. "Do you have interest?" he asked. "We are prepared." The "we" included Anton and Peter's wife, Darina, who was eight months pregnant and with him on the trip. Had Léger said no, Peter would have called another Canadian team, probably Edmonton. He had an NHL Guide with him.

Léger, of course, said yes. He took down the number of Peter's room in the Innsbruck Holiday Inn, then went to Aubut with the news. It was the first time they had heard directly from the Stastnys; still, they had gotten their hopes up on other occasions. Before Lake Placid there had been attempts in Germany, Switzerland and Italy. "For me, it was one more try," says Aubut.

Léger and Aubut landed in Innsbruck around noon the next day, Friday the 22nd, and checked in at the Europa Tyrol Hotel—two blocks from the Holiday Inn. Then they let the Stastnys know where they were staying.

A third man was involved—a man referred to as 007 by those who have heard of the exploit. He must remain anonymous. We shall call him Mr. Bond. On Friday night, following their game with the Finns, Peter and Anton went to the Europa Tyrol and negotiated with Aubut and Léger for about 2½ hours. Security around the Stastnys wasn't tight because Marian's wife and three children were still back in Czechoslovakia, and it was considered unlikely that the three brothers would split up, or that Marian would desert his family.

When the Stastnys left the Europa Tyrol Friday night, Aubut and Léger still weren't sure they had a deal. What was left to discuss? "The money, what else?" Anton, the clever, effish one, said recently. Peter is serious, sincere, and Anton's remark about the money set off a flurry of Slovak by Peter, a lecture by the look of Anton's rolling eyes. Then came a measured, soft-spoken explanation in English that the money was not a bone of contention. "Hockey is our love," Peter said.

Nonetheless, the Stastnys had a good idea of their market value in North America, and the six-year contracts they finally signed specified that each would get in the neighborhood of \$250,000 a year.



Quebec family scene: Darina, Peter, Katherine

continued



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What remained was the little matter of escape. Aubut pleaded, begged, reasoned with them to leave that very moment, but the Stasyns wanted to stay another day and play in a game against the Soviets at Innsbruck on Sunday. It would be their last game with Marian. That complicated the issue, because the Czechoslovak team was scheduled to leave shortly after the game. Still, the brothers insisted.

Léger drove to Vienna, booking a room for himself in the Intercontinental Hotel and a suite at the opposite end of the corridor for Aubut. On Sunday he alerted the Canadian Embassy that some Czechoslovak hockey players would soon be needing asylum, a pronouncement that initiated a rush of buck-passing that eventually went all the way back to Winnipeg, home of Canada's Immigration Minister, Lloyd Axworthy. Axworthy flew to Toronto, called a select group of immigration officials away from their Sunday dinners and, at Toronto International Airport, in Air France's first-class passenger lounge, decided that the Vienna Embassy should help out.

Meanwhile, the Soviets were beating the Czechoslovaks 4-3. During the game Peter's wife had taken his and Anton's bags, and her own, from the Holiday Inn to a red Mercedes in a parking lot 1,000 feet away. Mr. Bond was the driver. The game ended at about 11 p.m., and afterward Peter and Anton had a few beers with their teammates, as usual, then ate a subdued dinner. Marian knew they would be leaving.

At 12:15 a.m. they finished dinner. The team bus was to leave at one o'clock. Anton and Peter said goodbye to Marian without emotion, then walked past the bus to the Mercedes, in which Darina was waiting. They got in, and drove away.

The trip to Vienna took nearly six hours. At 6 a.m. Mr. Bond parked the Mercedes in front of the Intercontinental, and the Stasyn brothers and Darina went up to Aubut's suite to get a little sleep. The Canadian Embassy didn't open until 8 a.m. As Léger and Aubut were leaving the hotel to make the final arrangements with the Embassy, they recognized, and were in turn recognized by, two Czechoslovak security people.

Quite undone by this chance meeting, Aubut and Léger started to drive the Mercedes at high speed to the Embassy at 10 Dr. Karl Leuvening Strasse, but Léger's hands were shaking so badly that

he was unable to read the map he had carefully prepared. He hopped out of the car and flagged down a taxi, instructing Aubut to make his own way to the Embassy.

At the Embassy a navy lady named Mrs. Schallgruber listened calmly as Aubut and Léger, two very nervous men by now, told the tale. Upon learning that the hockey players were the Stasyns, Schallgruber said they had best get these boys into custody at once. They went outside, and Schallgruber noticed a car from the Czechoslovak Embassy waiting nearby.

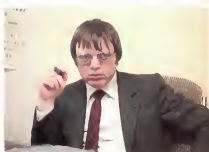
"Do you have a gun?" she asked Léger.

He didn't, and Schallgruber roused out two Austrian policemen, who escorted them to the Intercontinental.

Anton, Peter and Darina were alarmed by the sudden appearance of uniformed policemen. Just as the group entered the suite, the telephone rang. Schallgruber answered, "It's the damn Czechs," she said, hanging up. And a good thing she did, Aubut says now. "Once they get them on the phone, that's it," he says. "They will say anything; they will make any threat to get them to stay."

The Stasyns were escorted to the Canadian Embassy, and that night—Monday, August 25—they landed in Montreal.

The transition to NHL hockey hasn't been easy for Anton and Peter. The



Léger understood the world of intrigue and defection

brothers, and their team, are struggling. The Nordiques are 1-9-4, and the muckling, unimaginative play in the league has been frustrating for the Stasyns. Peter, with only four goals, is told he doesn't shoot enough. That's the North American way. Shoot, shoot, shoot. Forget the slick European passing game. Anton, with five goals, is told the same thing. Shoot, shoot, shoot.

But their difficulties on the ice are just the tip of the iceberg. Darina, who speaks neither French nor English, now has a month-old daughter, Katherine—the first Stasyn to be a Canadian citizen. The other day a neighbor came over and tried to explain to her that the electricity would be turned off for repairs between 1 p.m. and 4 p.m. When Peter came back from practice the house was cold, and Darina was in a warmup suit and the baby was hungry because Darina couldn't heat the formula. Darina had been ironing when the power went off. Four shirts were finished and the rest were in a pile.

"I tried to tell her," the neighbor said. "I don't think she understood."

At home in Bratislava there is a sister, Eva, 14, who, the last Anton heard—although he manages this with a smile—was still crying over her brothers' absence. There is anxiety about Marian, and the things that might be done to lure them back.

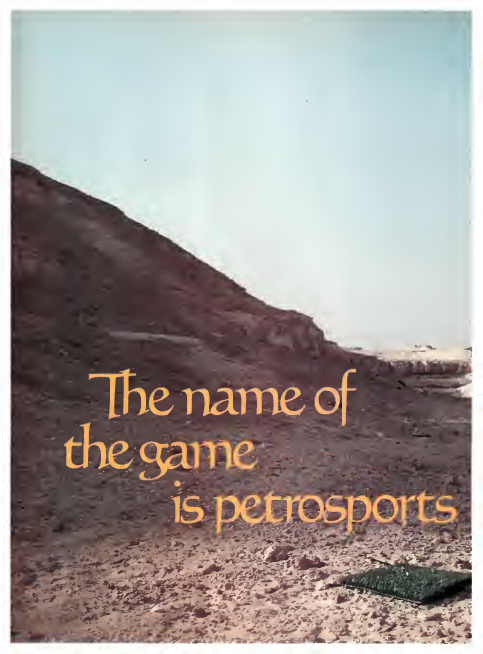
"I made the decision only in the summer," Anton says. "In the autumn is too soon to go back. I am young. It is a good age for starting the rest of our life."

And then he says, without the appearance of sadness, "I have a good remembrance for my youth."

END



Aubut handled the diplomatic arrangements



The name of
the game
is petrosports



Golf champ Mohammed Ahmed isn't the only athlete hitting it big out on the Arabian desert. Oil funds lavish facilities for sports from falconry to ice hockey

by J.D. Reed

continued

Azum! Azum!" The cry is carried on the desert wind. A speck appears on the horizon. Within seconds it gains definition, becomes Azum, a female saker. The rust-colored wings shear the air as the 1½-pound falcon builds speed. She has spotted the whirling training decoy 400 yards away. The lure, made of two 18-inch-long wings from a *hubara*, a goose-sized desert bustard, spins eccentrically on the end of a seven-foot leather thong. Choosing her moment, Azum seizes the decoy with her talons and opens her wings to brake to a stop on the ground.

It's late November, and on the hardpan floor of the desert the temperature is 50°. Hasan moves toward Azum, talk-

ing softly, taking from the pocket of his *thoub*—the ankle-length robe favored by his people—strips of bloody pigeon meat to reward the bird.

Hasan is a Bedouin. His ancestors were also falconers. They've practiced this form of hunting for 2,500 years as they moved from water hole to water hole with their camels, tending goats, following the old trade routes. Hasan was a falconer before oil was discovered in the Persian Gulf in 1932, a falconer even before the British gunboats came in the 1920s to patrol the shallow Gulf, bringing with them the sports of soccer and cricket. Today in the cities of Arabia there are volleyball and track, golf and tennis. But the ultimate sport



On an island in Bahrain, the Defense Force Officers'



of princes and kings remains falconry.

As Hasan coaxes Azum onto his wrist, the *shamal*, the fierce and humid north wind, begins to blow, and a piece of cardboard scuds across the gritty desert and slaps against a chunk of rock. The slogan **BUDWEISER, THE KING OF BEERS** is printed on it. It is, after all, the 20th century even here in the Persian Gulf, and change has come with lightning speed, thanks to petrodollars.

In 1973 OPEC quadrupled the price of oil, and as one result, sports in the Arab countries became a matter of first importance. The Arabs' new international eminence in economics and politics fanned a sudden desire for similar distinction in athletics. And, as we shall see, internal social pressures made emphasis on sports all the more attractive. Thus in Kuwait, Bahrain, the United Arab Emirates, Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Qatar the rush was on to build elaborate sports complexes, staffed with imported foreign coaches and surfaced with the latest in synthetic turf. In short, the Arabs were attempting to graft Western sports onto Middle Eastern culture. But by 1979

Sheikh Ibrahim bin Sulaiman al-Khalifa, the Amir of Bahrain, never loses when he goes to the track.



Job offers tennis, squash, swimming and bowling

some to have been the site of the Garden of Eden. That island, also called Bahrain, is dotted with lush date groves and sweet-water springs. It is the trade and educational crossroads of the Gulf world, the offshore banking capital of the Middle East, with assets rivaling those of Singapore and a communications network boasting direct-dial satellite telephone links to New York and Europe. It claims to have the highest number of telexes per capita in the world.

The Cavalry Bar in the Bahrain Hilton, a halfhearted attempt to reproduce an English pub, is in spirit more like a Yukon gold-rush saloon. Late in the evening, when the subject of money has finally puffed, the American and

European businessmen speak of sports.

"You see," says an old Arabist hand from Britain, "some of these countries got their independence only a few years ago, and two of the things they most want are a seat in the U.N. and Olympic gold medals—stepping-stones to becoming accepted nations."

"It's more than that," says an American refinery manager. "The rulers down here want to toughen the natives. With the troubles in Iran, they're scared."

"And they've got one hell of a youth problem. Kids are restless and bored, and sport is something young people can be kept busy at."

Talk flows in the Persian Gulf as freely as oil. Saudi Arabia, so the continued

the Gulf states were discovering that world-class teams couldn't be assembled overnight. As Shaikh Fasan bin Abdul-lah al-Shaykh, Saudi Arabia's minister of higher education, has observed, "It is easy to make a building but most difficult to build a man." And of late the states have slowed down somewhat, to consolidate what they have learned about sports development.

Hasan places Azum on a roost with six other falcons in an open Range Rover, takes a swig of Pepsi and regards his wristwatch, a chunk of gold dusted with diamonds. It's time to go, and he's off at 70 mph across the desert, the plaintive sounds of Arab music blaring from his stereo tape deck.

Soon he hits the six-lane blacktop that leads into Manama, the capital city of the country of Bahrain and home to more than half of its 390,000 residents. Bahrain is a better spot than most to ponder the emergence of petrosports. Halfway down the Gulf, through which passes nearly one-half of the Western world's oil, Bahrain is made up of a group of islands, the largest of which is thought by



Crown Prince Shaikh Haaved bin Isa al-Khalifa has spent heavily to breed his falcons scientifically

scuttlebutt has it, is building sports cities that are opulent beyond the wildest Western dreams. The emirates are rumored to be spending millions on British coaches. Before it went to war with Iran, Iraq was said to be working secretly with the East Germans to produce a stable of steroided superathletes. Certainly the Iraqis are serious about sports; they spend more per capita on athletics than any other country, including the U.S. and U.S.S.R.

Driving through Manama in a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow with Shaikh Isa bin Mohammed al-Khalifa, secretary-general of Bahrain's Supreme Council for Youth and Sport, one gets a clearer view. The Khalifas are closely related to the Saudi ruling family and have run Bahrain since the 18th century; Shaikh Isa, a quiet, shy, slightly built man, is a nephew of the current amir, Shaikh Isa bin Sulman al-Khalifa. The secretary-general is going to visit his volleyball hall, which was first used for the 1979 Pan Asian Volleyball championships. Its golden geodesic dome glitters in the sun next to the slaps of elbow builders constructing their craft with curved ribs carved out of tree trunks, as they have done for centuries. Outside the dome, two air-conditioning units the size of heavy tanks—the only size locally available—are bolted to a concrete slab.

"Our building is quite modest," says Shaikh Isa as he walks around the dome. "It seats 2,300 and has a training room and dining facilities. It is big enough to use for basketball and team handball as well as volleyball. We are smarter and thrifter than we were a few years ago. Then, just for prestige, we would have built another hall for basketball next door." The building cost \$2 million, twice as much as a similar building would in the U.S. because of the necessity of importing labor and materials.

Shaikh Isa is known as the "sports shaikh"; in Arab states important areas of governmental, business and social activity are often relegated to a shaikh to

oversee, and Shaikh Isa's tie is athletics. Like most royalty in the Gulf, he was educated abroad; he earned a degree in chemical engineering at Southampton University and became a devotee of British soccer. Still a fan, he will call up a friend the minute he receives the First Division results on his home telex. "Thought you'd like to know," he'll say at 4 a.m. "Spurs and Palace drew 1-1."



Mohammed (Big Mo) Ali Abul has a big hand in team handball in Bahrain

A former Gulf table-tennis champ and an avid tennis player, Shaikh Isa's views on sports are those often heard around the Arab world. "Our younger generation has grown up without knowing the lean times," he says. "Seventy percent of our population is under 20, and although education is catching up fast, our youngsters have little to do. They're restless and undirected. We think that sports can change that."

"Even more important, sports represents a way for us to get to know people from other countries. We Gulf Arabs were rather insulated, even from one another, only a few short years ago. The emphasis on travel for national and club

sporting teams has had more to do with our increased political awareness than all the ministry-level talks in the world."

The volleyball hall is situated in a section of the city considered lower-class, and the Shaikh offers a small apology. "I always eat lunch at the Gulf Hotel," he explains, "and so I said, 'Put it where I can check the progress of the construction.'" Royal whim still prevails in the shakhdoms of the Gulf.

While Bahrain has moderated its athletic building program, the Saudis are still in the deep end of the pool. They are in the process of creating three "Olympic" sports complexes, which will cost from \$500 million to more than a billion dollars apiece. In Riyadh, the capital and business center of the country, they have already finished a three-pool swimming hall modeled on the one Munich built for the 1972 Olympics. A five-stop elevator carries divers up the tower alongside the diving pool while a compressed-air mechanism blows bubbles into the water to cushion their entry. The floor of the training pool can be hydraulically raised and lowered, and the main pool is equipped with \$500,000 Swiss timing and control mechanisms. An indoor sports hall has also been completed. The price for both halls was more than \$30 million, but the Saudis liked them so much they ordered two more pairs, one for Jeddah, another for Dammam.

The Riyadh complex also is scheduled to be the site of an 80,000-seat stadium. A sports training institute is currently under construction, and the 153-acre site will eventually include a velodrome, a hotel and a motel, a sports clinic, areas for equestrian sports and shooting, a theater, an auditorium, a museum, a social club and a mosque. It is a project of such scope that it would require half of Riyadh's present electric generating capacity for air conditioning alone, and will cost an estimated \$1.5 billion when completed. But even the Saudis are economizing: they've cut \$25 mil-

continued



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petrosports

continues

lion from the bill by eliminating travertine marble floors included in the original design.

"What the Saudis are doing," says Craig Menees, until recently manager of Arabian Chevron, "is the equivalent of starting to build the entire athletic plants of all the Big Eight and Big Ten schools from scratch, and at current prices, and with at least half of them under construction at one time. It's dazzling."

Saudi Arabia, which is the size of the U.S. east of the Mississippi, has a native population of only about four million. What, one wonders, is the point of such lavish spending for sport? The question could be asked of Bahrain as well. At his diwan (royal office) in West Rifaa, a few miles from Manama, Crown Prince Shaikh Hamad bin Isa al-Khalifa, a smiling and imposing presence in his Air Force general's uniform, says, "There is no hope for a man to keep his morality without a strong body. So the Koran instructs us. And we would like to show the world that we are competitive, that we can win. We Arabs are patient. We started with the Arab Games. Then the Asian. Then the Olympics."

The 30-year-old prince, a graduate of Britain's Sandhurst who spent a year at the U.S. general staff college at Fort

Leavenworth, Kans., is also Bahrain's minister of defense. A seat-of-the-pants helicopter pilot, a crack shot and an accomplished horseman, he knows something about competition. But in the Arab world, traditional beliefs keep colliding with modern realities. The amir himself shuns his stable of Rolls-Royces and Mercedes and wheels around in a four-door Chevrolet Caprice because he trusts the suspension. He was aghast when his son wanted to fly airplanes. But after the prince and a test pilot from Messerschmitt-Boelkow-Blohm had convinced him that a helicopter was not an airplane, the prince was grudgingly allowed to get a special model with backup engines and rotors. He flies it almost every day, delighting in whipping over Bahrain's only "mountain," a 450-foot crag of limestone jutting up from the desert floor.

Like most Gulf countries, Bahrain depends on the West not only for its sports hardware but also for its advisers and coaches. Iraq works with Eastern-bloc imports, the emirates and Saudi Arabia with the British. Bahrain has called in Dr. Thomas P. Rosandich, 49, president and founder of the United States Sports Academy of Mobile, Ala., a non-profit, non-governmental group that since 1976 has had a multimillion-dollar



Shaikh Menees gets fired up over soccer and ice.

annual contract with Bahrain for sports development.

The hearty Rosandich is a former athletic director at the University of Wisconsin's Milwaukee campus, an ex-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAKE STEWART



Duba's 1,500-seat rink opened in '79 with a game between two Finnish hockey teams. It's now the base for a six-team league with mostly foreign players.

Marine captain who is awakened each morning by the corps hymn programmed into his clock-calculator, and a track coach who has worked in 52 countries during the last 25 years. "If we do our job here right," he says, "we'll be out of business. We don't regard our people as coaches but as advisers. The ideal is for the Bahrainis to take over every coaching and sports-medicine job." The academy has 17 coaches and advisory personnel living in Bahrain and also supplies experts, on short-term loan, in everything from the pentathlon to stress statistics and from desert allergies to orthopedic surgery.

Rosandich deals with the shy Bahrainis as if they and he were fellow Rotarians. Even while observing Arab etiquette in respect to titles and precedence, he is liable to drape an arm across royal shoulders and boom, "Well, Your Excellency, how's the doubles game? Hot competition this afternoon. Better get out of that robe and into your shorts." Fortunately, such bonhomie tends to send princes into fits of delighted giggles.

Rosandich is the Billy Graham of push-ups, the Rex Humbard of stress testing, an old-fashioned, red-white-and-blue sports missionary. "The academy is providing essential services for Bahrain," he says. "If we can get a few top-notch Arabs to look on the U.S. with favor, what does that hurt? About all we can offer is our expertise in sports and telling the truth."

"When I first came out here, the thinking in the Gulf was, 'How can we buy a gold medal?' I told them flat out it was impossible. You can buy the Dorchester Hotel in London, but you can't buy Olympic gold."

"We started testing Bahraini youth, and sure enough, over 50% of the kids couldn't do a single chin-up. The backbone of our program is the schools. With such a small population base, that's where you must build for the future. And all the Gulf countries have adopted the idea. Youth is the answer."

Perhaps, but coaching Arab youth presents unique problems. In Isa Town, a modern, planned community of 25,000 near Manama, Elwood (Woody) Duernberger, a former University of South Alabama tennis player and coach, now Bahrain's national coach in that sport, points to a group of boys 12 to 16. "There's the national team," he beams. On bright blue-surfaced courts at dusk (it's too hot

to play during the day), the boys are hitting the ball passably well. "The older ones have little hand-eye coordination because they grow up playing soccer," says Woody. "So we're going for the younger kids, where the muscles can be grooved in more easily."

Also, like many Arabs, Bahrainis are obsessively reserved about their bodies. Throughout the Gulf, there's no such thing as a shower room: showers are private stalls with doors. "It's an improvement, though," says Elmer Kortemeyer, who for two years was the sports therapist for Bahrain while on leave from the University of Northern Iowa. "They used to come dressed for a game and go home to bathe." Kortemeyer adds that groin injuries are another problem. Because of the athletes' embarrassment, such injuries often go unreported until they become dangerously complicated.

The modesty required of women can impair a whole sport. In liberal Bahrain, which encourages women's track, basketball, volleyball and table tennis—major breakthroughs in the Gulf—one doesn't encounter such strictures. But in Kuwait, for instance, girls must play volleyball in full warmup suits.

Another difficulty for Western coaches arises from the fact that many Arabs have

Farehan Jumrah Salan gives basketball a whirl. Will he be a Kareem Abdul-Jabbar?



Dr. Thomas Rosandich confers with Sheikh Ezz bin Mohammed al-Khalifa, "the sports sheikh."

little sense of the Western idea of training and practice. The emphasis is on individual effort. They do not comprehend the idea of team spirit, and that to win as a team means practice as a team.

"But it's a big mistake to think that, because they're modest or don't understand training, Arab athletes lack heart," Kortemeyer says. "I've had kids come to me with year-old ankle injuries because they didn't know that a trainer could fix them up. The injuries must have been terribly painful to compete on, but they never whimpered."

At the 1979 Gulf team handball championships, in Kuwait, Kortemeyer's assessment proved accurate. Team handball is a bruising game, but no one shied away from the contact. The Iraqi and Saudi finalists, playing in 95° heat, were clearly tough, and they behaved pretty much like any team athletes in the world. They talked back to the referee, slammed each other on the shoulders to celebrate goals and pulled phony injuries to stop the clock.

The crowd was also similar to any at a championship event. The Iraqi fans carried flags and banners and continued



This 12-year-old Bahrain national tennis team member has beaten—whoops—the crowd prince

petrosports

continued

chanted, banging on drums and clapping hands as they did so. Separated from them by a high barbed-wire fence, the Saudis frown in for the game wailed right back. The wide corridor between the factions of about 3,000 each was patrolled by Kuwaiti soldiers—indicating perhaps that the new intra-Arab relationships Bahrain's Shaikh Esa speaks of have a way to go.

There are seldom any women at Arab sports events other than a few black-veiled nut vendors. Crowds are male, as lazy-looking as baseball fans, most with their feet up and their sandals off—until, of course, something happens. In the middle of the stands is the obligatory VIP platform, which is carpeted and lined with lounge chairs and small tables.

On the platform during the handball championship loomed the giant form of Big Mo, 41-year-old Mohammed Ali



Chen-ups proved not to be the Arabs' strong point.

Abul, a 6' 2" Bahraini businessman, former star soccer player and head of his country's handball federation. "Sports in the Gulf are in worse shape than they were 20 years ago," he boomed, flipping his *ghutra* (headcloth) over his shoulders. "Everything is travel. It's a great accomplishment if the basketball team goes to Turkey for three days and it costs \$120,000. The more you spend, the more successful the trip. Madness! And what the team did in Turkey? It's not for publication. But it wasn't very Muslim, I can tell you.

"The other federation heads think I'm crazy. They say the only way to attract top athletes is to make a lot of trips. The money's better spent in the schools." Big Mo laughs uproariously as an Iraqi player upends a Saudi defender.

In the streets and out on the desert, soccer is the national pastime of the Gulf countries. It is played wherever and whenever there's time and the heat isn't stifling. At dusk in Bahrain's Isa Town, the kids start trickling out of the houses and head for the soccer field, a piece of hard-baked desert with old two-by-fours rigged as goals. Some are dressed in robes and some in Six-Million-



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Dollar-Man T-shirts—which may not be a joke here—and most of them are barefoot. They do wheelies on their bikes as they pedal toward the field. Once there, they go at soccer loudly and furiously. As a rule they display a light touch on the ball and a tendency to showboat and to disregard team play.

With such a small population, Bahrain worries, as do most Gulf nations, that it may never have a national team competitive enough to get to the World Cup. Also, the life-style is such that young men give up playing sports when they're 25 or so, and World Cups are won by teams of 28-to-30-year-olds.

Dr. Ron Koller, a Sports Academy official in charge of program development in the Middle East, explains, "There isn't much motivation here for a kid to keep on with sports. There are no intercollegiate sports, for one thing, so any kid going to college is out of it. And there's no real professional sport. The ultimate is to be on a national team and get a little cash, a new suit and a lot of trips."

Lou Brocic, a former player and coach for Belgrade's Red Star team and now Bahrain's national soccer coach, says, "I have to rely on club players, who aren't the highest caliber because they can't train—they have other jobs. So while



Falconry is an Arab passion 2,500 years old.

they're marvelous ball handlers, they have little game sense, no soccer sense. They're 50 years behind Europeans."

One of the finest soccer clubs in the Gulf is in the United Arab Emirate of Dubai, an hour's plane ride from Bahrain. Al Nasr (from the Arabic for

"victory") Club is the brainchild and plaything of Shaikh Mana bin Khalifa al-Maktoum, known throughout Europe as "the football shaikh."

With a few other investors, Shaikh Mana is building a \$70 million, 1,300-acre sports center. Already completed are a 15,000-seat stadium with an artificial-turf field, a private-membership clubhouse and a sports-medicine center. Other facilities, in a portion of the complex called Leisureland, include a pool, restaurants, fast-food counters, tennis and squash courts, a twin-cinema theater and a hotel. An amusement park has been completed: for \$2.70 on weekdays and \$5.40 on holidays, a visitor can enjoy a "wave" pool, rides, a theme park, shooting galleries, a 12-lane bowling center and, most improbably, ice skating in a full-size, 1,500-seat hockey arena. The English-based Rank Organization, manager of the park, is reluctant to reveal the cost of the refrigeration necessary to keep the rink frozen in a building where the ambient temperature is 83°.

"It's exciting to introduce a new sport," says Shaikh Mana, who chucks worry beads with one hand and smokes a cigarette with the other. His arena opened a year ago, with two Finnish teams appearing in the inau- continued



Before Joe Platt, who has a doctorate in ornithology from Cornell, came to the Sultan Faisal Center, Arab falconers didn't know the boy birds from the girls.



**"Jim left me a beautiful home, stocks,
and some things I never expected.
Like taxes."**

"Jim and I were lucky. Because we could usually afford to get what we wanted out of life.

"Not just a home, but a nice home in a good community. Not just school for the kids, but the right private schools.

"Then Jim died. And suddenly, because of estate taxes, funeral costs and some debts I never knew existed, I was forced to take a long, hard look at our family's lifestyle.

"Sure, we'll manage in a smaller house. But the point is, for us, it's no longer a question of getting what we want out of life. It's a question of deciding which things to give up."

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gural ice hockey game. Already a league of six teams—made up mostly of specially imported Canadians and Europeans—books the rink for two games a week.

The newest project in the Dubai sports center is a 3,000-seat tennis stadium for pro tennis tours. A government-sponsored tournament scheduled for Nov. 19 is offering a purse of \$680,000, the biggest in the sport.

In Abu Dhabi, the most heavily populated of the emirates with 236,000 inhabitants, the first phase of an "Olympic city" has been completed: a 60,000-seat stadium, home of the national soccer team. "The ruler of Abu Dhabi makes enough in oil revenues. He can afford it," says Shaikh Mana. "The Olympic city will cost a billion dollars. Unfortunately, out of pure competitiveness, the people of Dubai wanted one, too. I talked them out of it. What are we going to do with two Olympic cities? In all the emirates we have a population of only 877,000. In my opinion, Abu Dhabi should have built a stadium for \$100 million, given \$100 million to the school system to ensure that there would be someone to play in it and given the remaining \$800 million back to the government."

Though he preaches economy, the shukh has a taste for American-style spectacle. He opened the stadium at his sports club in 1978 by hosting Liverpool, an English First Division soccer club, and marked the occasion with skydivers, fireworks and circus animals.

In 1977 Shaikh Mana brought the former manager of England's national team, Don Revie, to coach in the emirates for \$1 million over four years. By the time Revie's contract was terminated last summer, he was discouraged. "Hardly any of the plans I put forward have been carried out," Revie said. "Basically, my idea was to bring in eight schoolboy-football experts to establish a sound training and coaching setup at that level—the big problem here is that football isn't really organized in the schools, and there's little P.E. training. When you look at most footballers here you'll see that their stomachs and thigh muscles are virtually non-existent. In terms of fitness, teamwork and tactical discipline, there's still an enormous amount to be done to catch up with countries such as Iraq, Kuwait and Iran."

Nevertheless, Shaikh Mana is optimistic—about spectacles, if not homegrown talent. "Someday we will host an Olymp-

pics here. England estimated that it would cost them \$2 billion to put one on. Soon, who can afford it but us?"

Golf, introduced years ago by the British, is also in line for an infusion of petrodollars. For example, the Awali Golf Club in Bahrain is an 18-hole, par-71 sand trap—there is no natural-grass course in the lower Gulf. "Hell, I've never even played on grass," says Clarence (Howitzer) Lambeck, a Texas oil worker. "You hit every shot from a strip of plastic grass about two feet long and 10 inches wide that you carry around with you. You can tee up or hit right from the plastic, and you always know where your ball lands by the puff of dust."

The "browns," as they're called, are sand mixed with crude petroleum, brushed down around the pin. "They're really fast if they've just been oiled, but when they dry out, they're murder," says Howitzer. "Still, you never have to worry about replacing divots."

Fairways are outlined in crude oil, and the course has its unique problems. Howitzer ticks them off. "If you don't play at 5 a.m., the heat'll get you. I mean, when you're out there in 115° in August, you can get real worried that they haven't filled the water jugs Igloo coolers of ice water lashed to scrub trees around the course. There are stories of foursomes that never returned."

All the camels on the island are the property of the amir, and they can roam at will. "One of them was using the No. 7 brown for a bedpan one morning," recalls Howitzer. "but I put a drive right under that old boy's neck, and he wheeled around and took off out of there like lightning. Haven't seen him since. And goats. You get a stroke off if you hit one. And on the 15th there's the water hazard. Of course, it's bone dry, but it keeps your spirits up."

Shaikh Esa has built a course with real grass greens near the Bahrain Equestrian and Racing Club. The Saudis, never to be outdone, are planning a multimillion-dollar, 18-hole, artificial-turf course in their country's eastern province.

Fatally, the sport in which the Arabs have won some world recognition is the one that relies most heavily on oil. Saudia, the national airline of Saudi Arabia, co-sponsors one of the hottest Formula 1 race cars on the circuit, the Saudia-Williams. With Arab petrodollars backing the design of a youthful Britisher,

Frank Williams, and the driving talent of Australia's Alan Jones, the team has won 10 Grand Prix and this year's Formula 1 World Driving Championship. So pleased are the Saudis, not only with the car's record but also with the resultant publicity, that they intend to host a Grand Prix within a few years.

Dubai has sponsored a series of "Golden" track events at various locations over the past three years. In one of them, in Oslo in 1979, Sebastian Coe set a mile world record of 3:49.

For all their costly involvement with race cars and ice hockey and swimming pools and real grass, the Gulf Arabs have by no means lost interest in those sports most profoundly their own—camel racing, horse racing and falconry, but in the latter two, Western influence has grown.

By December the new Bahrain Equestrian and Racing Club will be finished, complete with two two-mile racetracks for the international circuit (with irrigated grass infields), two polo fields, an irrigated jumping and show arena and stables for 300 horses. Racehorses from places like New Zealand, Hong Kong and England are expected to compete for purses equaling the largest anywhere.

But the main attraction in Bahrain for connoisseurs of the sport of kings will continue to be the racing of the royal Arabians. During the December-to-April season, the amir arrives every Friday afternoon, at the wheel of his blue Chevy, to indulge his passion. Thousands of Bahrainis, expats, Saudis and tourists throng to the two-mile sand oval near the royal city of West Rifaa.

There is no admission charge, and there are also no seats. One stands in the broiling heat, looking longingly at the amir's tribune—a low cement platform outfitted with the usual collection of Persian rugs, easy chairs, tables bearing boxes of colored tissues, telephones and bottled water. Surrounded by falconers carrying hooded birds, advisers, family members and friends, the amir bids the races begin. And there's no doubt who the winning owner will be—the amir owns all the horses. All the jockeys are his employees, and all wear silks in the national colors, red and white.

The amir's pureblood Arabians are rightly called the Living Treasure of Bahrain. His stable is estimated to be worth more than \$50 million, and to see the horses run—clockwise, in the British fashion—their flanks lathered in the heat.

continued



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and to hear the crowd howl is to witness one of the enduring Bedouin obsessions, thousands of years old and as fierce as the sun.

Although the amir will preside at the opening ceremonies of the new horse racing/equestrian/golf center, he grumbles about the competition. "Why did they want to spend millions to build that place when everyone knows that my horses are the best?" he says. "Who will go to these lesser animals?"

A lot of folks, particularly if rumors that his government will allow pari-mutuel betting prove true.

Development in falconry has also been considerable. Near Crown Prince Hamed's gardens in the village of Zallag stands the \$250,000 Sulman Falcon Center, one of the few places in the world designed for the breeding of such birds. "In the 2,500-year history of the sport, falcons were never bred," says Joe Platt, 34, the falcon biologist who is director of the center. "No animal has been in such close association with man so long without being improved." Platt received his doctorate from Cornell, where in 1973 falcons were first successfully bred in captivity, an achievement that caught the attention of the prince two years later. "He made inquiries about doing the same thing in Bahrain, and I've been here ever since," says Platt. He gestures toward the center. It contains seven two-story, temperature- and light-controlled breeding chambers, each with a viewing window facing on a room where observers can sit on deep leather sofas and watch the birds through one-way glass. There are also rooms for incubating eggs and rearing young falcons, a complete veterinary hospital, library, kitchen, lounge and a backup generator in case of power failure.

"We have to control the light to duplicate the length of the day in the breeding grounds of Russia and Romania, where the saker hawks mate," says Platt. "And of course the temperature."

"We got our first clutch of chicks in 1979, from a pair of Australian peregrines. And this year we've had six more. We're raising and training them now. It looks good for sakers, too, in 1981, so we're very excited."

The Arabs' ignorance about falcons, given the fact that they have hunted with the birds for 25 centuries, still amazes Platt. "When I put male and female sakers in the cage, the old falconers who

came to visit were shocked," he says. "They'd thought for centuries that the larger female was a different species from the smaller male. To them, it was like putting a horse and a cow in the same stall. I had to show the prince pictures of the birds mating before he believed me."

Now the old falconers trust Dr. Joe, as Platt's called, enough to bring their ailing birds to him for treatment. "At first they were afraid of me, but after I'd cured a few birds, they all came," Platt says. "Birds here are still treated with folk remedies, as people were not so long ago. If something hurts, you poke a hot iron at it. If a bird cuts its foot, they pour gas or oil on it, depending on whether it's bleeding. And falcons have a lot of nose trouble. Guys bring in birds that are breathing with a whistling sound, and when you question them, they tell you they've put a hot poker in the nostrils. But things are getting better."

King Khalid of Saudi Arabia flies 100 birds or more during the December-to-April season, and the amir of Bahrain about 40, although each year his three best birds go to the king as a tribute that has been paid for centuries.

A major falcon hunt by the crown prince, which may last a month, resembles a military operation. If he is going to a favored desert area in Saudi Arabia, his two giant mobile homes and half a dozen Range Rovers are shipped over to the mainland by boat. The falcons, however, go by plane. "The birds ride in first-class airline seats," says Platt. "On a big hunt there may be 30 birds, and to see the stewardesses and the other passengers watch as these terrified birds dirty everything and are fed raw pigeon meat to calm them is something else again."

Using the motor homes as a base camp, hunters range in their Rovers across the desert, with a spotting bird—a particularly sharp-eyed hawk—riding in the front seat. It can desecrate a hubara at two miles. When a group is seen, the falconer releases a hawk from the back of the car, and the chase is on. Saker falcons aren't trained to climb and circle and dive on their prey. Because the desert gives the hubara no cover, it never hides and freezes like a pheasant. It attempts to flee. The saker must fly flat and fast to overtake the long-legged hubara, which will run as well as fly. The chase may last for miles, amid shouts, wails and roaring engines,

sometimes ending when the hawk makes a clutch kill, riding its prey to the sand. "There are no wounded prey in falconry," says Platt. "The falcons miss 75% of the time, but if they hit, the bird's dead."

The new practice of taking shotguns along on falcon hunts has done a great deal of damage. Hubaras are much prized as food by the Arabs, and the use of guns has sharply reduced the bird populations in Bahrain and Saudi Arabia. In Pakistan, which is worried about the decimation of its hubaras, there is pressure to close the borders to falconry, a movement that's not expected to succeed. Saudi Arabia has banned the use of shotguns, but Platt says dejectedly, "If you're a prince, who's going to tell you to stop?"

The issue of wildlife management is getting critical, and the Bahrainis are proud of the new Areen wildlife park, the Gulf's first, a 2,000-acre habitat where visitors can ride in air-conditioned buses past the animals and birds and hear lectures about the necessity of preserving them.

On a hot summer night Crown Prince Hamed leaves his gardens and drives his Mercedes down to a big tent five miles away in the desert, where, as his forebears did, he sits by the fire with the old falconers. He takes a young falcon on his wrist and strokes its feathers as the moon rises through the waves of heat. He's far from the pressures of the ministry of defense. He's home, at peace. "It is difficult to explain that the desert is a peaceful place for us," he murmurs, removing the falcon's hood. "You can have the beaches and the mountains. In fact, many of the laws of sports—teamwork, cooperation and spirit—are essential in the desert. There you test your friends and your men. Your life can depend on them. For me, the desert is a spiritual exercise. It is the renewal of my soul."

And at a dinner party in Manama last year when he was the U.S. Ambassador to Bahrain, Robert Pelletreau, who speaks, reads and writes Arabic fluently, said, "The Arab world has compressed the phase of violent overexpansion that took the U.S. from the Civil War to World War I into 10 years. The job now is to develop a post-oil economy, and Bahrain is leading the way. The Gulf States understand that when the oil is gone, when the last Rolls-Royce is rusted out and the last Gucci loafers worn through, sports can remain as one of the best investments they have made." ■

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Reminiscence

by DAN PETERSON

A CLASS IN BEGINNING FOOTBALL WAS NO PLACE FOR A 125-POUND NEOPHYTE

Evanston Township High School wasn't looking for 5' 5", 125-pound football players in the 1950s, or so I told myself. The truth was, I wanted no part of contact, especially the college-level blocking and tackling that made the Wildcats the terrors of the Suburban League and the state of Illinois. To put it plainly, I was as short on courage as I was on inches. I knew my place all right: in the flag football league at the Evanston YMCA.

I wasn't any braver when I entered the University of Illinois in the fall of 1954. I was a phys ed major, determined to become a basketball coach despite having been cut from every team I'd tried out for at ETHS. One of my required courses that first semester was Beginning Football, which I assumed would be a class in theory. I was in for a big surprise.

The first morning the class was divided into three sections, one under varsity Backfield Coach Ralph Fletcher, one under End Coach Bob King, and my group under Line Coach Burt Ingwersen.

After taking attendance, Coach Ingwersen sent us upstairs to "draw equipment." I didn't like the sound of that, but then maybe they'd just be giving us T-shirts and shorts with ILLINOIS FOOTBALL stenciled on them. When I arrived at the equipment cage, one of the two attendants slid a pair of shoulder pads across the counter toward me.

"What's this?" I asked.

"This, kid, is a pair of shoulder pads," he said. He wasn't trying for a laugh, but his response broke up everyone waiting behind me.

By now I was starting to get the picture: we weren't going to learn football in shirts and shorts or in a classroom. My fears were confirmed when the last piece of equipment came sliding across the counter: a new, black Riddell suspension helmet. A few minutes later I learned that things would be even worse than I had imagined. Each of the three sections was loaded with freshman and varsity players.

Our classes were as demanding as varsity practices. We were taught to block, then we blocked. We were taught to tackle, then we tackled. Coach Ingwersen didn't much go for anything that involved the ball. In fact, we didn't see a football the first two weeks of class. After that, we spent almost no time on passing, catching, kicking and running.

It was just my luck to end up with the line coach. My one hope was that the team players would take it easy on a little fellow. They didn't, and for eight weeks every muscle in my body throbbed. Not a day passed that I didn't consider quitting—not just Beginning Football but everything: school, fraternity, the lot.

But as the days went by, the pounding hurt less and less. I realized that when you've never been blocked or tackled, those first few hits make your body feel as though it's coming apart. After a thousand blows, however, what's one more? Or 10 more? Where could they hurt me where I didn't already hurt? I wondered if a lot of football players weren't the same: not so much fearless as numb.

Coach Ingwersen made us play every position on offense and defense. But no matter where I lined up, I couldn't seem to avoid the thunderous shots handed out by the two hardest hitters in our section, a

freshman guard I remember as "Bull" Durham and a classmate, Tackle Roosevelt Dugger. They not only hit hard but also laughed while inflicting their punishment. Service with a smile.

Durham and Dugger were an equal-opportunity combination. They went after 6' 4", 250-pound Wayne Bock as fiercely as they came after me. The "D-Boys," as they called themselves, were always anxious to show Coach Ingwersen what they could do against somebody the size of Bock, and Coach was only too happy to oblige.

Durham and Dugger enjoyed watching others get hit almost as much as they relished belting players themselves. If there were a loud popping of pads across the field, they'd say, "Must be Nitschke." They were referring, of course, to the same Ray Nitschke who later leveled backs from his middle-linebacker position on the Green Bay Packers. Nitschke was only a freshman, but his hitting was already the talk of the campus.

There was one other player in the section who bothered me, though we never banged into one another. He was "Spike" Harvey, a 9.8 100 man and the best running back in the freshman class except for future All-America Bobby Mitchell. It seemed as though I was always at defensive end when Spike carried the ball during our scrimmages. He turned my corner every single time, but that's not what upset me. What got me was that he ran right past me without ever looking at me. I knew I wasn't going to lay a hand on him, much less tackle him, but I would have appreciated at least a glance acknowledging my existence.

He never gave me one, and that hurt as much as any cross-body block from the D-Boys or even the elbow I took to my right cheek on Tuesday of the fourth week of class. By the following Friday the swelling had gone down, but I was left with one whale of a shiner. I decided the world had to see it, which meant going to Bidwell's, the campus hangout. I had seldom set foot in the place, being the only male student on campus who didn't care for beer, but this was a special occasion. I had me a Big Ten bruise.

While trying my best to look natural, I heard a soft voice say, "What happened to you?" A quarter-turn to my right and I was face-to-face with a young Lauren Bacall lookalike.

Like most 18-year-old boys, I hadn't

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had much experience with beautiful women, but my response wasn't bad under the conditions: "You know, playing football with the big boys."

"You poor thing," she replied. Right then and there I knew why guys played football. I also knew I was going to make it through the full eight weeks.

During the last week of class we were tested: performance drills on Wednesday, a full-scale scrimmage on Thursday and a written final on Friday. I wasn't worried about the final; I was as prepared for that as anyone in the three sections. It was Wednesday and Thursday that concerned me.

My luck couldn't have been worse. I drew Bull Durham for the one-on-one blocking and tackling drill. My spirit vanished. Not only was I not going to pull an A, but I also was going to be seriously injured. We each would have three turns on offense, three on defense. A ball-carrier would attempt to use the blocker to elude the tackler while staying between a pair of dummies set two yards apart.

As I braced myself for the worst, the rest of the class—as it had done on every preceding "duel"—started cheering. Some, including Dugger, were yelling for Bull, which convinced me that both guys were indeed sadists. Others, however, were pulling for me. When I looked around to see who was supporting me, Wayne Bock nodded and said, "Stay in there, kid, and take him low."

I got down in a four-point defensive stance, keeping my eyes glued on Bull's down hand. As I saw it come up, I tried to subvert him, to "strip the play," as Coach Ingwersen said. But Bull was no stranger to such tricks. He got down even lower and faster than I. He peeled me off the ground with his huge forearms, and then lifted me up just enough so that he could use his stocky legs to drive through me. A perfect block.

Whatever play I tried on offense or defense, Bull demolished. When we finished, the cheering turned to clapping. There had been real contact all right, and Bull had hit me with some shots I'd never forget. But I was satisfied. I would always know what it feels like to be hit all-out by a major-college lineman.

The Thursday scrimmage was by far the most exciting event of the eight weeks. Coach Ingwersen divided us into two even teams and, for a change, put us into logical positions. I lined up at right halfback.

I was happy to see the D-Boys on our team, Durham at right guard, Dugger at right tackle. We also had Dick Walker, probably the best all-round player in the class, at right end. Spike Harvey was on the other team, as was Wayne Bock, who played left defensive tackle, opposite Durham, Dugger... and me.

Our plays weren't very sophisticated, mostly dives and sweeps. Coach couldn't have cared less. Plays, he said over and over, didn't win for you. No sir, execution, i.e., blocking and tackling—that wins football games.

As might be expected, our execution left much to be desired. I had not gained one yard in eight weeks, but on that final Thursday, on one magic play, I found out what it's like to cross the line of scrimmage without getting shellacked.

It was a straight dive, a play Bock had stopped all morning, burying me and my blockers under his massive frame every time. Just before the snap our left half went in motion. As he passed in front of me, I thought about Coach's disdain for men-in-motion and wondered what the halfback might contribute to this play.

The ball was snapped and the quarterback came down the line as I stepped forward. After taking the handoff, I closed my eyes, put my head down and lunged in anticipation of the usual rib-shattering impact. But there was none this time. In fact, when I opened my eyes, I didn't even see Bock.

Because I knew every player's assignment, a benefit of Coach Ingwersen's policy of teaching us few plays and making us learn them from all 11 positions, I didn't have to look around to see what had happened to Bock. The D-Boys, tired of being shown up, had executed a "post and lead" block on him, Durham breaking his charge while Dugger drove him off somewhere in the direction of our left end. I looked past all that.

I also knew the defensive end wouldn't touch me. He'd almost certainly come across the line of scrimmage to "establish a flank." So I looked past him, too.

I didn't bother to glance at the middle linebacker, to my left, or at the outside linebacker, to my right. Since they had not already stopped the play, I could assume our center had handled the middle linebacker and our man-in-motion had drawn the outside linebacker out of position. So I looked past them as well.

Suddenly I understood why Spike Harvey had never looked at me. Why check

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By Victor Borge

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REMINISCENCE *continued*

on men who are no longer dangerous? Why not find out what the real trouble-makers are up to?

I had discounted the right safety; the way the play was developing I was sure our left end had taken him out with a roll block. I shifted my eyes to the right, just in time to see our man-in-motion take down the left safety.

That left just one man between me and six points, Spike Harvey, who was playing middle safety. I knew that, unless someone reached him before he reached me, the play was over; he was just too much of an athlete for me. Just then I saw Dick Walker cut in front of me.

The instant Walker leveled Spike I realized I had made a serious mistake. My center of gravity had been too far forward when I took the handoff, and now I was stumbling without any chance of regaining my balance. All I could do was see how many strides I could make before I fell. A few steps later, untouched, I was nose-deep in the wet morning grass.

I wanted to stay there, face down until the class was over and everyone had left. But I had to pick myself up because the referee wanted the ball. Instead of handing it to him, I left it on the ground. "I've contaminated it," I thought. When I came to my feet, the official moved the ball back two yards to where my skin had strayed. It had been a 10-yard gain.

I jogged back to the huddle as slowly as possible, head down, cheeks burning with shame. Before anyone could utter a word, Coach said, "Fellows, that play was well blocked. Little man..." I knew he was talking to me, but I didn't have it in me to look him in the eye. He came closer, put his hand on my shoulder pads and gently straightened me up. In an even voice he continued "... next time keep your chin up, your neck bulled and your eyes open."

I never did get a chance to try out his advice. We were intercepted on the following play and spent the rest of the session trying to stop Spike. Before he could score, class was over and we all went our separate ways.

More than a quarter-century has passed since I enrolled in Beginning Football. It's taken me years of careful thought to sort out all the lessons. While the whole thing may not have made me a man, it certainly knocked a lot of the boy out of me. I had stuck it out until the end when, for one fleeting moment, I was looking past people.

END

PERSPECTIVE

by ALLAN POSPISIL

ON HEAVILY TRAVELED SLOPES, FIRST ASCENTS GET TOUGHER AND TOUGHER

John Bouchard and Rick Wilcox are Alpinists who live not in Chamonix or Zermatt but in North Conway, N.H., where only the tallest mountain exceeds 6,000 feet. Such an area might seem to offer slim pickings for a couple of hot climbers like Bouchard and Wilcox, who between them have ascended such classic peaks as Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, the Eiger (north and west faces), the Petit Dru, Mount Logan in Canada and assorted South American summits.

But while New Hampshire mountains may not be particularly altitudinous, they offer a number of routes that demand superior technical climbing, and Bouchard, Wilcox and others have been able to record first ascents on nearby cliffs that have already been climbed hundreds of times. Obviously, there can be only one first ascent of a mountain, but there are various routes to a given peak, and to be first up an unclimbed route is a gratifying accomplishment. Thus, the first first ascent of the Matterhorn was completed on July 14, 1865 by the Englishman Edward Whymper. And the second first ascent of the Matterhorn came three days later, credited to Jean-Antoine Carrel, who led a team from his native Italian side.

The objective of the original Alpinists was simply to claim an unclimbed peak, and in time, as the neighborhood became climbed out, a mountaineer had to travel farther and further afield to bag a first ascent. Those who stayed behind, however, were not without sporting alternatives. Original ascents tended to follow the lines of least resistance. The next wave of climbers sought different routes, and inevitably these posed greater challenges.

Early ascents tend to be "aided" (accomplished with pitons,

chocks, or bolts used as climbing aids rather than as points for protective belays); they are followed by attempts to climb "free," the climber using only natural holds and cracks, or making the ascent alone, or in winter. That is the usual progression of creditable first ascents. (From time to time rude ascents have been claimed, but that's silly.)

If multiple firsts seem to be a contrivance to keep the game going in perpetual overtime, they do allow succeeding climbers to knock off tougher and tougher climbs and thus get into the record book. But somewhere along the way, someone is bound to declare that finally the game is over, that the mountain's last climbable route has been conquered. Uh huh, and Dewey beats Truman.

It's easy to scale Cannon Mountain in Franconia Notch, N.H. It's only a hill climb, but if that's too strenuous, one can ride to the 4,180-foot summit via a tramway. One side of Cannon, however, presents a genuine test. The mountain's east face is a steep granite wall a mile and a half wide and a thousand feet high, the biggest rock cliffs in the East.

A modern guide to climbing the Cannon cliffs describes no fewer than 70 lines of varying difficulty. Many of these routes were established in the early 1970s, and

the one ascended by Bouchard and Wilcox is a fine example of how the unimpeachable first ascent of a comparatively modest cliff can be serious business. Bouchard and Wilcox went all the way, and they went in winter.

Bouchard, who is 28, scored his first notable climb in 1971, also on Cannon, as a 19-year-old home from school in France and under oath to his parents not to solo-climb. Promises, promises. But look, Ma, all he did was scale a little 500-foot ribbon of ice in a gully called Black Dike, which Yvon Chouinard had identified the year before as a great unconquered ice climb. That feat made Bouchard something of a Wunderkind, and he kept getting better.

Wilcox, 32, a prudent climber, didn't burst on the scene with Bouchard's flair, but he has made many valorous climbs, too, and has often worked as Bouchard's partner. The two make an effective team. Wilcox' conservative approach tempers Bouchard's explosive style. And they trust each other.

After 1971 several difficult climbs were added to the Cannon itinerary, and then Bouchard and Wilcox decided to up the ante by forcing a new route in winter, which hadn't been done before. To make sure the ascent would be truly significant, they picked a difficult Grade IV line, meaning they would have to spend one night on the cliff face. In January of 1974 they had it.

Before the actual assault, they pre-climbed the first 300 feet and fixed two ropes in tandem. The rope on the first pitch went up fairly easily. They returned on the last day of 1973 to hang the second rope, but the weather was rough and they worked all day to secure the upper 150 feet.

Five days later they were back. They brought up both fixed ropes behind them, and then Bouchard led the first pitch from the 300-foot level, climbing freely about two-thirds of the distance, relying on pitons and étriers (short ladder-like devices with web slings as rungs) the rest of the way. After 150 feet he set a belay, and Wilcox climbed, following Bouchard's lead over a series of steep ice-glazed overlaps and

continued



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PERSPECTIVE continued

up through a small inside corner. As Wilcox gained altitude he pulled the pitons Bouchard had placed. The rock gave up the metal easily, an indication they were encountering poor cracks.

Wilcox led the next pitch, at least half of it unclimbable except with aid. He belayed at the top of a buttress while Bouchard worked up. The next 75 feet, leading to a sizable terrace, took a tedious hour and ended the day. The climbers pulled up their haul bag, scraped out a hole in the snow and settled into a comfortable bivouac. The temperature was about zero.

In the morning Wilcox led the pitch from the bivouac. Bouchard waited for two hours while Wilcox forced a mixed section of ice and rock, using free and aid techniques, and then hurried up to take the lead himself. He was still finding poor cracks, and near the end of his pitch he reached a crack that wouldn't hold a conventional piton. So Bouchard hammered home a "bong," a piece of metal that resembles a slice of Swiss cheese folded in two. Even that wouldn't grip properly, so he forced it in sideways and climbed past.

When Bouchard ran out of rope, 150 feet above Wilcox, he readied himself to drill a hole for a bolt that would give a solid belay. He fitted a sky hook into a flake of rock just above him and started drilling. Somehow the hook slipped, or a bit of rock broke. What Bouchard remembers is how much it hurt when the hook cracked him in the head as he fell off the cliff.

As he tumbled and bounced down the rock face, the rope tightened on the pitons, and one by one, like a zipper coming apart, they popped loose. Some seven or eight pitons, carrying nearly 20 feet of rope, came flying out of the rock, and then it was the bong's turn. But the bong held, and the falling Bouchard came to a jarring stop after 40 feet. It had cost him, though—somewhere during the fall Bouchard had cracked his right ankle against a rock and he sensed that it was broken.

Slowly he reclimbed past the life-saving bong, replacing pitons and moving up on the étriers. He had nearly regained his highest point when a gust of wind tipped him over. This time he fell only 10 feet, but he yelled to Wilcox that he couldn't complete the pitch.

Wilcox shouted back that Bouchard had to go up and finish the bolt hole. Again, despite the pain from torn liga-

ments (as the ankle injury proved to be), Bouchard inched up, hung in and began drilling. With his good leg lodged in a rung of the étriers, Bouchard dangled in the wind and hammered for 20 minutes to make a hole an inch deep. He placed the bolt, fixed an eye on the protruding end and clipped the rope into it with a carabiner. His first fall had occurred at noon, when he finally clipped into the bolt it was after two o'clock. He was 50 feet below the top of the cliff.

Using the bolt as an anchor, Wilcox, from below, lowered Bouchard about as far as he had fallen and then told him to start penduluming—stepping back and forth horizontally on the rock—until he had generated enough swing to reach a tiny ledge to the left.

Hurrying carefully, Wilcox went up to Bouchard's painfully gained bolt to retrieve the pitons. Then he lowered himself and swung onto the ledge with Bouchard. It was three o'clock and daylight was already dimming.

The way off, Wilcox decided, was a long 300-foot left traverse to the wooded upper flanks of the mountain. As he stepped across the ledge and along precarious footholds he knocked in pitons, one about every 10 feet, and clipped his rope into them. After 150 feet, one rope length, he signaled Bouchard to come across. Unable to put weight on his right ankle, Bouchard fell from one piton to the next, scrambling up after each slip and creating what may have been another Cannon first—the scalloped traverse.

After he caught up to Wilcox, they made another 150 feet in much the same fashion and, at five o'clock, came off the rock. They had a first ascent.

On the last stretch of the descent, Wilcox dragged the injured Bouchard after him. On occasional flat stretches, Bouchard dragged himself, crawling on his hands and knees through deep snow. When they reached the highway, Wilcox got their car and drove Bouchard to the hospital in North Conway, more than an hour away.

First ascenders are expected to christen their routes. Wilcox named theirs Icarus, with the comment that Bouchard was too near the sun and shouldn't have tried to fly.

It is believed that no one has since repeated Icarus, or even tried, and that's another thing about first ascents. Sometimes once is enough.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

FRONT-RUNNERS

Sir: Kermy Moore's coverage of this year's New York Marathon (*There Are Only 26 Miles to Go*, Nov. 3) was, in my view, second to none. He not only described the progress of the front-runners, but he also allowed us to follow the women runners, the less-talented runners and the foreign runners as well. Congratulations to Alberto Salazar and Moore, two men who excelled at the marathon.

STEVE BOYNTON
Elmhurst, Ill.

Sir:

According to your article, Alberto Salazar was officially credited with a time of 2:09:41. However, in the picture of him crossing the finish line, the digital clock shows 2:09:40—a small difference maybe, but what if his time had been 2:08:34, the world record? Was the digital clock unofficial?

JIM GERARD
Centerville, Ohio

• Yes. A computerized timing system was used to officially clock all runners to the hundredth of a second. In addition, the winners—Salazar and Grete Waitz—were each timed by hand. Salazar's official clocking was 2:09:41.00.—ED.

Sir:

Grete Waitz, runner nonpareil, wins her third straight New York Marathon, breaks the women's world record by almost two minutes and is tucked away in the article with a 3" x 6" picture. Come on! Move Alberto Salazar over a few inches and give another great runner equal cover billing.

THOMAS ROBINSON
Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Sir:

It took the Philadelphia Phillies 98 years to finally win a World Series and SI puts a marathon runner on the cover! To add to a Philie fan's misery, the article on the Series covered only relief (Pitcher Tug McGraw *He Kept Tugging Away at the Heartstrings*). Although I love Tugger, it was disappointing not to read about the other players who helped bring the championship to Philly.

MOLLY SULLIVAN
Wayne, Pa.

RADNAY AND JENNER

Sir:

The articles in your Nov. 3 issue on Jack Radnay (*Front and Center*) and Bruce Jenner (*Hey, Mister Fantasy Man!*) offered a tremendous contrast. I for one would appreciate more articles on class, humanitarian athletes like Radnay and fewer on self-con-

tered "fantasy men" such as Jenner. Unfortunately, we don't read or hear anywhere near enough about athletes who contribute to those less fortunate in life.

GREG KUZMA
Stamford, Conn.

PHILLIPS FILLIPS

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick's piece on Bum Phillips (*Hallelujah, He's, Uh, Bum*, Oct. 27) is extraordinary. His portrayal of this delightful individual extends beyond the confines of Phillips' person and into the Texas culture that helped form him.

BRUCE COFFEY JR.
Pasadena

Sir:

Given the choice, I'd trade 10 Joe Garagiola, three Tony Kubeks, a Tom Seaver, two Frank Giffords and 750 Howard Cosells for one Bum Phillips. When he finishes coaching, ask him to get himself up to the broadcast booth. We need fresh air up there.

HARRY LYONS
Kailua-Kona, Hawaii

Sir:

Before measuring Oat Andrew Phillips for a halo, I'd advise SI readers to reread the part about how he got to be general manager of the Oilers. Sid Gillman brought Phillips into the pros and made him a head coach, albeit under a tight rein, and then, "with Gillman out of town," Phillips went to the owner and "demanded that Gillman be barred from the locker room and practice field as well.... Within a month, Gillman had departed and Phillips had both jobs." There's a name for that kind of person. It's, uh, a bum.

HERMAN MASIN
New York City

Sir:

I enjoyed reading Curry Kirkpatrick's article on the Oilers and their chief cowpoke. I take exception, however, to Kirkpatrick's facetious reference to the "amazing Bill Peterson" and his [1-18] coaching record with the Oilers. For my father to have won even one game with a franchise that Kirkpatrick so accurately described as having the "NFL's cheapest owner, the most outdated practice facilities and an embarrassment of a front-office operation" must be considered more than amazing. It was incredible!

BILL PETERSON JR.
Montgomery, Ala.

TWO-DAY GAMES

Sir:

In rebuttal to the University of Houston's claim that its game on Oct. 11-12 against Texas A&M was "the only two-day game of the

century" (*FOOTBALL'S WEEK*, Oct. 20), I can name three San Diego State games that extended beyond midnight.

On Oct. 25-26, 1969 San Diego State beat the University of California, Santa Barbara 55-13 in San Diego Stadium. It was the annual Shrine Benefit Game. The pregame pageantry dragged out and the game didn't start until about 8:40. The halftime was 45 minutes long, and the second half didn't end until 12:08 a.m. In all, 72 passes were thrown.

On Nov. 9-10, 1968 San Diego State trounced Southern Mississippi 68-7. The score was 13-7 at the half when a thick fog rolled in, delaying the start of the second half. When play was resumed, the Aztecs scored 55 more points. A total of 91 passes was thrown, and the game ended at 12:03 a.m.

But here's my favorite. On Dec. 4-5, 1971 San Diego State defeated North Texas State 44-28. The game began at 7:30 p.m. and ended at 12:01:40 a.m. The clock was stopped 199 times—61 incomplete passes, 53 first downs, 11 scores, 13 movements of the first-down markers after kickoff returns, 17 movements of the first-down markers after turnovers, 17 plays on which the ballcarrier went out of bounds that aren't included in the above, 12 timeouts, two clock malfunctions and 13 penalties. Between them, the two teams set NCAA records for most passes attempted (124—San Diego State 63, North Texas 61) and most offensive plays (196—San Diego State 99, North Texas 97). Brian Sipe, who completed 30 of 53 passes for 337 yards for San Diego State, and Phil Shotland, with 28 of 59 for 370 yards for North Texas, were the quarterbacks.

WALTER HEATH
San Diego

VEXED FLEX

Sir:

Concerning Coach Joe Rencie and Harvard's multiflex offense (*Multiflexing Its Muscles*, Oct. 20):

Multiflex, shamflex, fiddle-dee-oh, Princeton got seven and Harvard got three.

CHARLIE BELL
Princeton '76
South Bend

FERRET'S FATE

Sir:

Congratulations to Bill Gilbert. His article about the black-footed ferret (*Misery and Presumed to Be Dead*, Oct. 13), like his other articles, is a solid piece of writing.

In about 1934, when I was earning my way through the University of Kansas by working in the school museum of natural history, I made a scientific skin (a stuffed animal that

continued

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10TH HOLE continued

is not wired but made to be displayed flat) out of what was then thought to be the last ferret in the state. Some rancher had killed it and shipped it to us.

The use of the poison Compound 1080 probably wiped out the ferret and also senselessly killed a lot of other wildlife. There is no way 1080 should ever be used again. Anywhere. Anytime.

JOHN D. BLACK
Professor Emeritus of Zoology
and Conservation
Northeast Missouri State University
Kirksville, Mo.

Sir,

I would expect to find such an article in *Avadon*. I am delighted to find it in *SI*. Your articles on environmental matters have always been excellent, and they reach readers who may not read the standard environmental publications. Many of these pieces are clearly pertinent to a sportsman's interests, others, such as Gilbert's, while not obviously relevant, are, when reflected upon, of immense importance.

DEBRA HAUSRATH
Ashland, Ky

ALI'S EDUCATORS (CONT.)

Sir,

In the text accompanying Michael Brennan's remarkably poignant photographs (*Ali and His Educators*, Sept. 22), Sonny Banks, Zora Folley and Sonny Liston were listed as three Ali adversaries who are now dead. You also said, "There may be more; a couple of early opponents can't be located." You unfortunately overlooked the pugnacious Argentinian, Oscar Bonavena, who was shot to death near Reno on May 22, 1976 at age 33. Bonavena suffered the only knockout of his career in the 15th round against Ali at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 7, 1970.

Though he never fought for the title, Bonavena had a record of 56 wins—43 by knockouts—in 67 bouts. His other losses came at the hands of such fighters as Folley, Floyd Patterson, Jimmy Ellis and Ron Lyle. Bonavena also lost two decisions to Joe Frazier, but floored Smokin' Joe twice. Ali's own assessment following his encounter with Oscar, "Bonavena is the toughest man I ever fought."

WALTER PATRICK
Lakewood, N.J.

Sir:

On July 20, 1962 Cassius Clay fought Alejandro Lavorante in Los Angeles. After predicting that his opponent "will last five," Ali knocked out Lavorante in the fifth round. In Lavorante's next fight, against Johnny Ruggins, he was fatally injured.

JOHN CUSTER
Fort Polk, La.

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Equally impressive are the RS-M45's solenoid controls. They not only make switching from one mode to another simple and accurate, they also put minimal strain on the tape-transport system.

Just as special are the RS-M45's FL VU meters with auto-peak-hold reset. They're fast, electronic and highly accurate. And with our SX record and playback heads, you'll hear the increased frequency response [20 Hz - 20 kHz] and extended dynamic range of metal tape.

The RS-M45 isn't your typical \$330 cassette deck. In fact, when you consider performance, features and warranty, it's one of a kind. And that's very typical of Technics.

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